VERY RARE. See Brydges's Censura, vol. 3, p. 241.

G.
3970.38

From the sale of Edw. D Ingraham's
Library, March, 1855.
Thos. P. Barton

THE False Favourite DISGRAC'D.

And, The REWARD OF LOYALTY.

A Tragi-Comedy.
Never Acted.

Penned by
George Gerbier D'Ouvilly, Esq.

LONDON,
Printed for *Robert Crofts*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Crown* in *Chancery lane*, under *Sergeants Inne*. 1657.

149.731
May, 1873

To the Right Honourable

AUBREY De VERE,

Earl of Oxford, Lord of *Bulbec*, *Scamford*, *Badelsmere* and *Scales*.

William Lord *Craven*, Baron of *Hamsteed*, *Marshal*, My Noble Lord and Collonel.

AND

John Lord *Bellasis*, Baron of *WORLABY*.

My very Singular good Lords,

I Have taken the liberty to Dedicate this *Dramatick Peece* unto your Lordships *Patronage*; Whose *Honour*, *Valour*, *Prowess*, and *Magnanimity*, (the innate Virtues which have accompanied your Lordships from your Cradles) doe shine forth like unto so many *glorious Starrs* of the *first Magnitude* whilst the

a brighter

brighter *Rayes* of *Sols Resplendency* are Eclipsed in this our *Hemisphearе*. And although my presumption may be Taxed for penning *a Tragi-Comedy*, which doth seem to track such false *Hippolito's*, as doe not imagine their least *Acts*, will *Tragical*; because all their former *Scenes* have been a meer *Comedy*: Yet my drift being only in the person of *Hippolito*, to demonstrate *the several Ends of Vertue & Vice*; (which never differ so much as in their *Ends*, when as they become most publick) I dare presume the world will be undeceived: and that your Lordships will deigne to Grace this my undertaking with a favorable acceptance, not blaming my rashness in prescribing your Names, since I pretend not thereby to add ought unto your incomparable *Merits* & *Worth*; But to gaine some Credit to the peice it self by your Lordships *patronizing of it*: The ground-plot was some years since Extracted out of the *Italian Annals*, and at my spare houres (for Recreation) adorned with an *English Tragy-Comical Robe*: It had of late (contrary to my knowledg and expectation) well nigh been *Orphan*

like) thrust into the world, without any Dedication at all: which, to prevent, I have affixed these lines, that so it might neither want *a patron*, nor *an Owner*: The peece it self having been penned for your Lordships particular *divertisments*, You will therein find, *Sicamio*, *Martiano and*, *Honoreo*, personating those excelling and transcendent qualities which poses your *Noble Breasts*: especially *that of Honour*, into whose *sacred Temple* your Lordships may be Justly said to have entered by the Ascents of *Vertue*, *Fortitude*, *Constancy. and high deserts*: and thereto have erected *eternall Trophies* of your *Fame*: Your worth begetting (in *base mindes*, *Envy*: but in the *Vereuous and Magnanimous*, *Emulation*) hath Rendred your Names *Immorial.*

As theirs, so shal *your Renowns* never die.
But *Phenix-like*, produce your likes
T' Eternity.

May your Lordships but daigne this peece a *reading* I have *my Ends?* as for *critical censurers* I vallue them not, few works being performed without *Errors*, and nothing so entirely perfect but may

be subject *to Cavils*; My comfort is, that the *greatest Censures* are not always the *wisest Men*; And as slanders, which misinformed persons (upon false surmisals) have been prone to vent (undeserved as to my self) are inconsistent with Truth; So Calumnies, which are the inseparable Associates of *Malice* and Baseness, are not at all credited, but by envious and *unworthy Persons*: Nor shall I need to apprehend, the world will mis-construe this Peice; The *Scene* being *Florence*, and the Personages *Tuscans*; who have no relation at all to our *English Actions*.

Having thus brought your Lordships into the *worlds Garden*, *Italy*; and into the *Garden of Italy*, *Florence*. I shall leave you there to participate of those choice Flowers and Sweets, which both *Renowned Cosmo*, *Noble*, *Sicamio*, and *worthy Honorio*, reaped in the enjoyment of the *incomparable Luccbella*, the *Fair and obliging Julia*; and the *sweet and discreet Rosania*, after they had (*Hannibal like*) passed the *Alpes* of so many riggid difficulties and dangers: Leaving *false Hippolito* to bewail his *crafty Wisdom* (only

tending to his own base Ends and sordid Profit) and his *subtile* seeming *Pollicy*, which proved but a meer *circumstantial* means to deceive himself; and whereby it appears, that *Policy* at best, is but *a Combat of Wit*, and *a War of the Brain*, which seldom proves successful; no one man having *so great a Monopoly of Wit*, who at last meets not with his *Crafts Master.*

Thus fearing lest I may too much entrench on your Lordships Goodness, which I know abounds in Pardons for such as transgress (not upon the accompt of proving troublesome) but out of meer respect and esteem, I shall only wish your Lordships the like Prosperity and Success as befell *the Renowned and Loyal Sebastiano*, *Pausanio*, and *Honorio*; And craving your Lordships Excuses for my presumption, I shall subscribe my self,

My very Singular good Lords,

Your Lordships

Septemb. 1. 1657. Humble *Honourer*, *Admirer*, and *Votary*,

GEO. GERBIER,
D'ouvilly

To His Honoured Friend

GEORGE GERBIER,

DOUVILLE, Esq;

On the *Scene*, And the Ingenuous Composure of this *Florantine* Tragi-Comedy.

FLorence 'mong Cities bears the Name of Fair
For Streets & Stately Structures, Sight, & Air,
A City, as a late Historian says,
Fit only to be seen on Holy-days.
She breeds Great Wits for high Attempts, & trust,
But often bent on black Revenge and Lust:
We know the purest Streams have Ooze, and Slime,
So Vices mix with Vertue in this Clime;
And there are store of Stories in this kind,
Which as I Write, come crowding to my mind;
But *This* of yours will serve for all, which is
Compil'd with so much Art, That doubtful 'tis
Whither the *Tolcan Actors* shew'd more Wit
In *Plotting*, as *You* did in *Penning* it.

James Howel.

To my Worthy Friend George Gerbier D'ouvilly, *On his* *TRAGI-COMEDY.*

NEr'e might a blame light on the ſullen Age
More juſt, depriving the admired Stage
Of its bright luſtre; Glorious it ſtood
Incircled with old *Heroe's* youthful Brood:
The *Cothurne* now diſpreſs'd, whoſe meaſur'd pace
With ſtately carriage and Majeſtick Grace
Adorn'd the *Theater*; now laid aſide,
The Actors dead, Spectators terrify'd:
But why depreſs'd? Since the tranſcendant worth
Of Vertue Crown'd Deſert, and Vice ſet forth
In it's foul Character: would force a Slave
Turn true Religions Convert to his Grave:
But on the Stage (*Dear Friend*) I doubt, if good
To name a Treaſon, leſt miſ-underſtood,
And thy *Hippolito's* rebellious Crimes
Diſtaſteful prove to theſe diſtracted Times.
Then let the Stage ſink down, ſince churliſh Fates
Which rul'd the Stage, have over-powr'd whole
Yet on *Pauſanio* may we ſmiling look [States.
Safely, whoſe Loyal Heart diſtains thy Book
With no black Note, yeilding the Authour praiſe,
To his Rewards of Loyalty, adds Bays.
Chaſt *Lucabello*, as an unknown Gueſt,
Invites the Reader to her Marriage Feaſt.

E. Aldrich.

To Captain George Gerbier, D'ouvilly, *Upon his* Tragi-Comedy.

THy Pen of Downy Feather I have known
Distil rare Essences, *t'a Royal Crown*,
Since changing it for edged Steel, I found
Thy *Feats of Arms*, have bin with glory Crown'd;
What then must be this Issue of thy Brain?
But *Wit* and *Honour* in the purest Grain.

Tho. Revel.

To Squire Gerbier, D'ouvilly, *Upon his* Tragi-Comedy.

COuld my unworthy Pen but hope to shed
Applauding Lines, that might be credited,
I'de (free from *Fav'rites flattery*) protest
That thine, *Dramatick Poems*, Writes the best;
And (if permitted) Lead thee to the Stage,
There to receive the *Lawrel* of our Age.
'But like my *Lords Admittance to Moor-fields*,
'*The less Gate shut, the greater Entrance yeilds*:
Thus, whilst thy *Loyal Muse*, but speaks some Crimes
They'r Acted on the Theatre of our times.
Well we dare Read, and Judge, and think we know
This man's *Honorio*, that's *Hypolito*;
And hope that *Lucabella* once shall smile,
And wrong'd *Pausanio* be call'd from Exile;
Whilst *Martiano* sheaths his Sword; and We
All sacrifice our Gratitude to Thee.

A: Prisoe.

To George Gerbier, Douvilly, Esquire, *Upon his* Tragi-Comedy.

Dramatick Poems, though the *zealous Age*
Will not permit them *to Adorn the Stage*)
Are without doubt of greater Excellence
Then *they* suppose, who *want* both *Wit* and *Sence*.
They are *the Crown of Vertue*, *Scourge of sin*;
Some *scape a Sermon*, whom *a Play might win*.
Crimes of *prodigious bulk* and *purple dye*,
Are here *dissected* and expos'd to th'eye;
To make them *hated too*, as well as *known*
Few will *a Branded Malefactor* own,
Thou hast done *right*, my Friend, and may all [those
That imitate the *False Hyppolito's*
Be like to them *Rewarded*; may their *Name*
Remain as black, as is *their guilt* and *shame*.
Whilst *a ne're dying Fame*, and *fresh renown*
Shall thy *Pausanio's* loyal Temples Crown.
Let *Princes* learn hence forward *to be just*,
And prudently *to try* before *they Trust*:
Left under a pretence of *seeming good*
Th'embosom'd Viper, thence to suck their blood.
The plot is now discoverd, and all harms
Are recompenc'd in *Lucebella's Arms*.

What

What harm is here in this? Upon this score
Vse, Doctrine, Reason, could not have done more.
Then 'tis no matter what *the Captious say,*
Wee'l read, and *like,* and *think* we see *thy Play.*

F. Cole.

THE FALSE FAVOURIT DISGRAC'D.

And, the

REWARD of LOYALTY

A

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Never Acted.

LONDON,

Printed by *Wil. Wilson*, for *Robert Crofts*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Crown* in *Chancery lane*, under *Sergeants Inne*. 1657.

The Scene, *Florence.*

The Persons.

Duke	Duke of *Florence.*
Sicanio,	Prince of *Sicilie.*
Sebastiano,	Cousen to the Duke.
Hippolito,	Favourit to the Duke, and in love with *Lucebella.*
Pausanio,	The Exile, and father to *Martiano* and *Lucebella.*
Martiano.	
Ausonius,	Friend to *Martiano.*
Honorio,	A stayed Lord, loving *Rosania.*
Leontinus,	A Commander under *Sicanio.*
Fumante,	A Creature of *Hippolito*'s.
Vatinius,	Pretender to *Rosania.*
Carlo,	Servant to *Fumante.*
Jacamo,	Servant to *Vatinius.*

Souldiers, Citizens, Page, Attendants, &c.

Julia,	Sister to the Duke.
Lucebella,	Her Associate.
Rosania,	A Lady attending the Princess.
Dianetta,	Another Lady, and Compa ion to *Lucebella.*

An old *Crone.*

The false Favourit

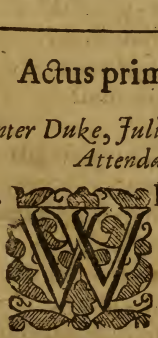
DISGRACED.

AND,

The Reward of Loyalty.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Julia, Rosania, Hippolyto, with Attendants, and Flouriſh.

Duk.  Ee'l hear no more in his defence:
Did not our couſen's ſpeedy flight upon
His baniſhment, confirm both guilty?

Hip. Your pardon, I have done.

Iul. Yet (gratious Sir)——

Duk. Siſter, deſiſt from the renovation of
Your vain petition, formerly deny'd,
For many weighty reaſons, ſtill retaining

T heir necessary virtue; and employ
Your urgent prayers for somewhat, that may win
Our free consent, yet not detract from justice:
And, what our power can give, be confident
You may command. But, for *Pausanio*'s doom,
It was decreed irrevocable; then
Press not our resolution for remission.
But with his punishment, behold his crime,
And you will find Justice, when't sentenc'd him,
Was more then mercifull, our stricter Lawes
Exacting life, whose rigour we appeas'd
With gentler banishment. Let it suffice,
That your quotidian intercession hath
Mov'd us to such a mercy, as the most
Will rather censure partiality,
(His ill is known so well). And by your fair
Perswasions, do not seek in the worlds eye,
To make us impious. Our transmarine friends,
(The still admirers of our purer Lawes,)
Do not more seek for peace, then desire us
A precedent for their perverted justice,
Whose bright sword w'have so continued from
Th'infectious rust of innovation; and must do so.
Therefore (vertuous sister)
Presse it no farther. Fate, in its decree,
Is not more fix'd, more resolute than we.

Iul. I have taught my busie tongue an obedient silence;

Yet,

Yet, were your eyes ſpectatours of thoſe tears,
Thoſe tear-begetting tears, my ſad-ſweet friend
Hourly paies her fathers memory,
'Twould mollifie your heart, (thought on't doth mine) [*weeps*
Were your kind ears th'attentive auditors
Of her faint ſighes, and you not eccho them,
Your heart were heartleſſe rock. Oh Sir, vouchſafe
Her greife but hearing; and her ſweet-tongu'd ſorrow,
Will charm your reſtrained pitty.

Duk. What, ſtatuiz'd *Hippolyto?*

Hip. No, royall Sir, a little womaniz'd,
I ſuck'd it from my mother, and 'twill out.
We are not made of marble, but are men.
And, but I know your zeal to ſacred Juſtice,
I ſhould (with hope t'obtain) preſume to beg
Compaſſion, with her Highneſſe, from your Majeſtie,
For the late exil'd father, of that yet ſorrowing Lady.----
But ——————

Duk. But what, *Hippolito?* Recollect thy ſelf;
Pauſanio was thine enemy.

Hip. But how deſerv'd, omniſcient heaven can witneſſe;
Beſt knowing the religious ſympathy
I have with his ſad ſufferings.

Duk. Spend not the leaſt of thy too pretious thoughts

On ſuch a worthleſſe ſubject. Let him ſuffer,
And unpittyed. His meer ingratitude to thee,
Setting aſide his great offence,
Is offence great enough to pull down an afflicti-
on
Be ond *in*fliction: he ſuffers worthily.
No more of him. —— Yet, ſiſter ——

Hip. Ha! ſurely his reſolution cannot ſo ſoon
ſtagger: [*aſide.*
Pray heaven it prove ſo, or all my plots miſcarry,
And I am miſerable.

Iul. I uſe my poſſibility; but alaſſe,
To one, whoſe griefs diſtract her, comfort is,
As Phyſick to the dead, effectleſſe:
Who by ſage counſell, would ſuppreſſe her ſor-
row,
Are heard, but not regarded. Fruitleſſe are
The hours ſpent in perſwaſion. But who ſooths
Her melancholly with fair hopes, that time
May repoſſeſſe her Father, with his yet loſt ho-
nours,
Not, alone, attracts her eye and ear,
But gaines her heart.

Hipol. Oh bleſt intelligence! [*aſide*

Duk. Truſt me, I pitty the poor Lady, and
wiſh,
Her laviſh fathers prodigality,
T'enrich her brother, and her fair ſelf with ver-
tue,
Had not forc'd him turne bankrupt.

Her

Her then needleſſe ſighs,
Had not rais'd up ſuch floods of cruell tears,
To drown her joyes. We wore him in our breaſt,
Whilſt loyall; but, when he left his vertue,
We caſt him off, dreading a further danger.
But for thoſe pair of ſpotleſſe innocents,
His children, they ſtill ſurvive, receiving
Warmth from the ſun-ſhine of our favour,
Which they enjoy deſervedly: *Martiano*
Hath a ſpirit, as bold,
As temperately reſolute, which we muſt cheriſh;
And his ſiſters; ſouls,
(Like a huge Diamond in a mount of Ore)
As rich in vertue, as her exteriour parts in pulchritudes perfection.

Hip. Though't be pure truth, from him I like it not. [*aſide.*

Duk. Pray let her have all due reſpect from you,
As ſhe ſhall have from us.

Jul. Her merits challenge more, then my performance
Can pay her vertue, though my endeavour's aim
Be wholly for her griev'd hearts tranquillity.

Duk. When next you ſee this ſorrow-clouded Beauty,
Let her ſweet ſadneſſe know, our ſelfe in perſon,
Before expected, will perſwaſions bring,
To alienate her griefs.

Jul. Gratious Sir, I ſhall.

Duk. Come my *Hippolito.* *Exeunt*

Enter

Enter Fumante dressing, and Carlo.

Fum. Laugh'd at 'm?

Car. Oh sir, extreamly--- she laugh'd untill she leak'd, she wept with laughing.

Fum. It could not be, at them; they were too serious; upon mine honour, I ne're compos'd a copy of more pure poetry, and dreſt in such rich language; in my opinion, they were exquisite.

Car. No doubt, Sir, and yet she might laugh at 'em. Our women of this age are growne so wise, that what we think meritorious, they believe ridiculous; and sometimes it falls out so, they erre not ever.

Fum. Pugh! the style was too lofty, and the conceit tickelish and profound; her weak capacity could not reach the meaning.

Car. It may be so: What was the subject?

Fum. Her selfe the generall, and every part particulariz'd.

Car. Why there's it; will you tickle a womans profundity with a lofty style, and she not laugh at the conceit? it is impossible.

Fum. Well, I do hope to nose *Vatimius* yet, and marry fair *Rosania* my self.

Car. And leave the Lady *Dianetta* to wear the willow?

Fum. No, I'le court her for a Mistresse, the other for a Wife: 'tis providently usuall——— Who's that knocks? [*knocks.*

Some

Some needy Tailor in his Apprentises thread-bare cloak; or Seamster, in pittifull foul linnen, is come (with lamentation) to woo for mony. *Exit Carlo.* *Enter Carlo.*

Car. Signior, your Shoo-maker, very importunate, desires some short conference with you.

Fum. Say I'me abroad.

Car. Sir, it boots not, he knowes your constant hour too well; saies, you are ne'r caparrison'd till twelve.

Fum. Tell him, he's a rogue, and he lies.

Car. Not I, Sir, 'twill bear an action; call a man a rogue for telling truth! If you have not what he comes for, money, at least give him good words.

Fum. I never shall endure his importunity.

Car. I have a present means to give him suddain motion. *cuts one of his boots cross the toe.*

Fum. What do'st mean?

Car. So now, be angry, that the straitnesse of your boot, forced you to cut it, or you could not have worn 'em: and seem impatient. *Exit Carlo, and re-enters with the Shoomaker.*

Fum. Let me alone.

Shoo. Good-morrow to your Worship.

Fum. In good time, Sir. What? you come for money, but are like to go without. Pox on your neat work; I must cut new boots, or cannot wear 'em; besides, incur my Lord's displeasure, who

who verry now in great haste sent for me. Another would return 'em on your hands, but I am mercifull, and you know it well enough, therefore presume: but have a care, for if this trade hold, you'l quickly break.

Car. I am afraid so. [*aside.*

Shoo. Sir, I desire your pardon for these, your next shall make amends.

Fum. They shall? and when?

Shoo. By to morrow this time.

Fum. Go to, fail not, if you fail me, I'le fail you. [*Exit Shoom.*

Car. Nay, that's sure enough. [*aside.*

Fum. Thou necessary villain; let me hug thee.

Car. Peugh, this is nothing, I have seen a hundred of these tricks in Town. Now must you make a vertue of necessity, and neatly tie it up with this new fashion'd Ribband; and, ere to morrow at night, 'twill prove a fashion. {*Ties it up, and puts on his Boot.*

Fum. Excellent *Carlo!* Again? who's there now? But 'tis no matter, now I know the trick on't, I shall be even with some more of ye. {*Carlo goes out, and re enters.*

Car. The Lord *Hipolito* hath sent for you.

Fum. I attend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Martiano and Ausonius.

Mar. Tax not my courage (deareft friend) I dare

As

As much, as man; when warranted by vertue.
The day's not more antipatheticall
To night, then my bold Soul to coward Fear.
But oft we see temerity o'rethrow,
What wise delay might have prevented.
Protraction is not ever dangerous,
But sometimes advantageous; nor is
My sure revenge remitted, 'cause deferr'd:
No, no, it vegetates, and when mature,
With ease, I'l shake the vengefull fruit, that bears
A certain ruine with it, upon the heads
Of the conspirators, and all at once
Crush them to dust. But my designe, as yet, is green.

Auf. I not suspect your courage, *Martiano*,
But tardity, for, though our Proverb saith,
He that goes slow goes sure; yet, he that hastes,
Hath first his ends. I can but counsell you,
And proffer my assistance.

Mart. Both which, *Ausonius*, I accept with gratitude:
I may have just occasion to put
Your noble friendship to a tryall:
Till when, I ever shall acknowledge
The great engagement my demerit hath
Unto your goodnesse.

Auf. Do, put me to the proof;
Then shall my actions speak my reall heart
Better, then my harsh tongne, unpractique in
The ceremonious falsities of *France*,

(So

(So much in fashion with our antick age.)
My All is thine, and when I prove perfidious,
Kill me; till then, trust me.

Mar. Thou art all constant goodnesse, and my Friend.
In that poor Monosyllable, th'inestimable riches
Of our love, lies thesauriz'd.

Aus. Importunate affaires, which envy me
The pleasure of thy company, exact
Me, for some few houres.
Be circumspect, and underneath your thoughts,
Your secretest thoughts, let our discourse ly couch'd;
There's danger in the appearance. Passion
Too often drives man beyond his reason;
And a rash tongue betraies a resolv'd heart.
Good counsell's ever seasonable. Be wise,
And diffident. *Hippolitus* feign'd friendship
Portends no good, his aime's beyond your reach.
Be confident, your fathers enemy
Can never be your reall friend, his tongue
And heart must needs be dissonant.
Credit not his soft language; for most sweet
The *Syrens* sing, when they intend to slay.
Be firm in your revenge, th'injurious wrongs
Of good *Pausanio* cry loud for't; let him have't.

Mart. Could I conceive his injuries grew from that root of
Malice, I would ——

Aus. You are not ignorant, 'tis more then whisper'd

Mart.

Mart. Were he the man, though skulk'd in
some obscure
And unknown cavern, i'th remotest part
Of the wide Universe, my impetuous rage,
More swift and terrible than lightning,
Soon would finde him out;
And soon as found, dissect him into Atoms,
Which my just hand should dissipate about
His silent Mansion, that the guiltlesse earth
(Abhorring such commixture) might intreat
The furious justice of some stormy gust,
To snatch his ashes from her purer dust.
And hurry them to hell.

Auso. Passion transports him.-- Reassume
your reason,
And once again be vigilant. *Exit Ausonius.*

Mart. My thoughts afflict me, sure it cannot
be,
Hippolito should wear so smooth a brow,
And have a craggy heart; experience
Yet often proves the contrary: The Sea,
But now calm as a standing Lake, flattering
The secure Mariner, in few minutes space,
Furrowes his front, and threatens him with
wrack.
And 'mong a thousand seeming friends, 'tis rare
To finde one pair, whose meaning's their ex-
pression,
'Mong formall friends; then what can I expect
From a known enemy? Ha!---'tis doubtfull-----
But

But my revenge must not be idly grounded,
Upon sleight thought, but fundamentall truth.
I would not for the world, blur my pure soul
With any black mistake; —— yet I'le suspect what may be,
And 'tis wisdome; hastie fooles
Build on the sottile sand of self-opinion,
Whilst th' patient prudent laugh at their sad ruine.
I must make farther tryall, then if I find
Him guilty, I'l soon ease my troubled mind.
Exit Martiano.

Enter Hippolito, solus.

Hip. I'm now securely fix'd in the Duke's bosome,
My power equalls his; his greater title
Onely distinguisheth. So politick Syres,
T'advance their sons low fortunes, by a Match
Deserving better, let them bear the name
And glorious sound of Land lord, when th'entrado
Runs th'old course into their Coffers.
'Tis my command that executes, the Duke
But countenanceth the act. Petitions flock to me,
And, as my pleasure shall decree, are granted or oppos'd.
I've drest my selfe in such humility,
That all mens hearts are mine. Our neighbour Cardinall,
(That favour'd Prelate) from th'opressed people,
Hath

Hath not more hourly imprecations,
Than I prayers, smiles, and obsequious cringes
What content, to perfect my beatitude, affords
The world, that's yet deficient,
But beauteous *Lucibella*? the rich crown
Of all my joyes, for whose unvalu'd love
My honour lies at stake, nay, my dear life,
Were I discover'd: whose willfull Father
Despis'd my humble suites, and with denyall
(Cold as a Northern congelation)
Nip'd my then germinating hopes; besides,
When but a Neophyte in our Masters favour,
Malitiously he sought t' eclipse my glory
With a cloud of ruine; which to retalliate,
My timely plots have sent him far enough;
Yet knowes he not who hurt him. So wise men
Vengeance take, whilst th'inconsiderate fool
Threatens, and failes. *Pausanio*, I am now
Above thy malice, and resolv'd to win
Thy peerlesse daughter, or grow old in sin. } *to him, Fumante*

Fum. Summon'd by your command, (my honour'd Lord)
My ever-ready dutie brought me, to wait upon you upl easure.

Hipol. Fumante, thus in short.
I have perceived, and oft, your jealous eye
Hath glanc'd at *Dianetta* more of late,
Than any other Lady of the Court.

Fum. My Lord!——

Hip. And she deserves respect, she's fair; besides,
You have enjoy'd with freedome a vouchsafty,
That others dare not hope for, many hours
Of sweet discourse with her, a certain symptom
Of mutuall affection---- You are happy,
Whilst I ——————

Fum. My Lord, I've many Mistresses;
But, who's most courteous, she predominates.

Hip. No jealously, *Fumante*,
I know the boundlesse love you bear her, and
The power you have with her; how that your absence
Doth not more torture her afflicted soul,
Than presence hilarate her heart. Therefore
I sent for thee, on whom my hopes depend:
For now's the time wherein thou maist expresse
Thy gratitude, for all my liberall favours,
Profusely shewr'd on thee: Nay more, endear
Me to thy love, and our two soules unite,
For perpetuity.

Fum. (I scent the project, he would inoculate. [*aside.*
Now must I turn pimp, ----hum---- well:
Would I were the first had undergone,
That now much practised function for a Patron.
'Tis a familiar age
For you, (my gratious Lord) to whose great bounty
I owe more, than the too-short remnant of my life

I wish to live, that my whole care and study,
Employ'd for your contentment, may effect it.
Hip. Gratefull *Fumante!* Oh--- my troubled breast,
Doth nourish flaming sulphure.
Fum. Wee'l have it quench'd, and speedily.
Her quick rolling eyes are characters of kindnesse.
Th' other day, (speaking of my Verses) she said,
My words were charmes, and that the Lady must be
Insensible,----- of stone,--- that could withstand my method----
I'le put her to the proof--- Courage my Lord!
The Lady's yours.
Hip. Mercy pronounced to the Delinquent, bears
Nothing so sweet a sound,---- I am all joy.
Dearest *Fumante!*—— imagination
Of what's to come, transports me--- prethee how,
How, my *Fumante?* enform me of the way.
Fum. With admiration, often I have heard
Her speak your merit, and affirm, the Duke
Look'd with her eyes, when his election made
Your worthy selfe the object of his favours.
Hip. On!---prethee on!
Fum. The Court (not without cause) might boast of you;
For *Florence*, nor the world, could e'r produce
Your Honour's parallel.

Hip. My hopes best comfort! On.

Fum. Added t'your gifts of nature, goodly feature,
Were those of the minde, sound judgment, temper'd vallour,
Relieving bounty, and humility,
Attracting hearts: in fine, all graces, which
Requir'd are, to make a man compleat,
Unanimously flock'd into your breast,
As to their proper center, and there fixed, dwell.

Hip. Oh! I shall surfeit with excesse of joy.

Fum Were't possible, her willing tongue could stretch
A praise beyond deserving, you should hav't;
Which is a proof of sufficient she affects you.
Now 'twere a necessary policy, my Lord,
To tickle her in th'ear with th'like report;
From you, concerning her, it cannot chuse but take:
And if that fail her mean condition,
Being far beneath your honours;
Large promises, (lusts sugred bait) and some performance,
(The life of expectation) will forcibly prevail.
Despair not, for the stuff we have to work on, is
Malleable——— My Lord, she is a woman.

Hip. Whom means *Fumante*?

Fum. Fair *Dianetta.*

Hip. Dianetta?

Fum. Yes: was't not she your honour spake of?

Hip.

Hip. Erroneous apprehenſion, dull *Fumante*,
Thy jealouſie, and my credulity,
Equally fool us. My now preſent griefs,
Exceed my late imaginary joyes———
Why did my rage procure the Generall's baniſhment?
Was't not for beauteous *Lucibella*'s love?

Fum. Your Lordſhips word obliged me to believe ſo.

Hip. 'Tis a pure truth, then turn not an Apoſtate:
For my ſublime ſoul fix'd in the pure heaven
Of her tranſcendent beauty, (where doth ſhine
The glory of perfection) diſdaines
Inferiour community.

Fum. Your naming *Dianetta*, made me
Suppoſe the contrary. For, we of the Court
Are rarely bondſlaves unto conſtancy.

Hip. 'Tis a confeſs'd fault, would 'twere amended.
But now take my intentionst
My vertuous fair, with much impatiency,
Brooks her lov'd father's abſence, and admits
Of no ſociety, but ſadneſſe, whilſt
My grief-ſwoln heart doth languiſh.
How to avoid ſuſpition, (for I doubt
Martiano's haughty ſpirit) and to confirm
Me in her good opinion, with haſte,
Repair to *Dianetta*, that ſhe, through you——

Fum. Now I conceive: may give intelligence

To *Lucibella*, of the constant faith
You have vow'd unto her goodnesse——
Hip. Right--- and withall,
(For this point is the soul of my designe)
How my assiduous supplication is,
To impetrate the Dukes remission for *Pausanio*.
Let her speak comfort plentifully, for
Thus assure her, I'le never cease my suit,
Till I obtain his gracious grant. Do this, and----
Fum. And more, (my Lord)
Be confidently cheerfull, and expect,
Ere long, a prosperous issue. *Exit Fuman.*
Hip. Go, and kinde fate wait on thee, if she prove
Kind, I am too great, ever to know remove
Exit Hipolito.

Enter Vatinius and Jacamo.

Vat. Love hath a strange consuming facultie, (Vatinius with a ribbon tied upon his boot as had Fum.)
Wastes not alone the spirits, but the purse.
Variety of change, will shortly make me
Change variety. It hath cost me, since that I
First made love unto *Rosania*, at least
Two thousand pistolls in very clothes; and
Yet she cannot fancy me; 'tis strange——
I wear 'em well enough—— ha!
Jac. Yes, Sir;
(For I can get none of 'em till they be
Past wearing. [*aside*

Va

Vat. And
My judicious Tailor tells me, I become my cloths.
I'm open to thy view, deliver thy opinion.
Iac. Faith, Sir, your cloths become you.
Vat. Your cloathes become you, villain. [*kicks him.*
He swears, that the compaction of my body is beyond
Compare, and takes delight to look upon my waste.
Iac. (I cannot blame him, he lives by your great waste.) [*aside.*
Vat. And yet, your clothes become you!
Iac. Your Pardon, Sir; the phrase is usuall.
Vat. Use it no more, because it is so: When any thing is
Common, it is worthlesse.
Jac. That's a Court Maxim. [*aside.*
Vat. Go, Sir, discharge the Taylor presently; [*gives Jac. a key.*
will not, as most Gallants do, still spend,
Whilst I have wherewithall, but pay,
That when I want to spend, then spend I may.
Jac. Per-lady, no small pollicy. *Exit Jac.*
Vat. This suites the forward issue of a new ashion; yet, am I almost confident, she'l make it lder by a month, then that I gave my man a rear since. Well, I must humour her; but if she ontinue thus, when we are married, we must

wear my woods upon our backs, or (like th- Tortoise) carry our houses about us. 'Tis true mor'd, I shall have her, which I've confirmed, although she never made me any promise, and I strongly believe 't; for I am tearmed the object of the Ladies, and the exact Courtier: Should it go otherwise, I should be bravely laugh'd at. But I'le to her, and know a certainty, for I can scarcely hold out any longer. [*to him, Honorio.*

Hon. Vatinus, well met. So early ready? and so quaintly dress't? Trust me, this is not ordinary; but I suppose, the Dukes intended visit to *Lucibella*, with the Princesse, with whom *Rosania* goes, occasioned this unaccustomed expedition.

Vat. I do confesse ingenuously, it did!
But I must wait. My Lord, your humble servant. *Exit Vatinius.*

Hon. That such a solid judgment, and sweet beauty,
Should rashly throw the treasure of her love
On a meer glorious outside, troubles me past wonder.
Imperious love! placest thou charmes in clothes?
Are gay apparell, and a rich-loind purse,
Such powerfull attractions? Yes, 'tis plain:
Whilst the reward of vertue's cold disdain.
When I discover'd my religious flame,
With an unfained passion, and my soul
Almost expiring with each heartless sigh;
What answer, but, she pittyed me: whilst he

Must

Muſt quaff the Cordiall, that ſhould comfort me.
Women, your love admits no other Lawes,
But this, ye love not therefore, [*to him, Martiano.*
but becauſe
By this, my Lord the Duke is on the way,
To pay his promiſed viſit to your ſiſter.
Mart. She'l take your perſonall information,
for an honour.
Hon. 'Tis the leaſt ſervice I can pay her
merit. [*Exit Honorio.*
Mart. There goes an honeſt Lord; and, but
Auſonius,
There's ſcarce another in the Court.
Where might a man turn his eye to finde a
third? [*to him, Hipolito.*
Torment unto my blood, *Hipolito.*
Hipo. (His riſing muſt prevent my fall he ſhall { *ſpeaking unto himſelf.*
Be Generall-- ha! 'tis concluded: and ſee a
Moſt opportune recountre.)
What, wedded ſtill to ſadneſſe, *Martiano*; ever
alone?
Mart. Better alone, then ill accompanied.
Hip. How's this?
Mart. My honeſt thoughts are conſtant ſub-
jects to
My upright ſoul; Treaſon and Adulation
Were ne'r known to them. You'l ſay, 'tis ſtrange,
But 'tis a ſimple truth. Now ſhould I ſlack
The awefull reins, and let 'm rove, they might
Rebell,

Rebell, having so great a precedent (my Lord.)

Hib. Is this disjoynted talke to us? know you; who we are?

Mart. Disjoynted talke to us? know you, who we are?

Yes: I do know, *Hipolito*: our names have bnt an equall sound.

Hipol. However, more manners and lesse familiarity.

Would well become you; else you will grow contemptible.

Mart. More manners lesse familiarity; contemptible? (*draw.*

My potent arme (where in the purple bloud,
Of wrong'd *Pausanio* lively flowes)
Shall chastise thy mad folly, and maintaine
My fathers Son the Nobler ------ now's the time for trial. (*aside*
Who (though unjustly exil'd) hath a breast
Harbouring more reall worth then the carv'd
Monuments of all thy deceas'd Ancestors
Can bragge off ------ heaven he weeps! (*aside.*
This may be but delusion ------ on!
What though you be our Masters Minnion?
That doth not lend addition to your bloud,
'Tis Vertue that enobles; every way
I am at worst, your equal; which deny'd.
Let our impartial swords the cause decide.
What meanes *Hipolito*?

Hipol. I never hear your banished Father nam'd,

But

But griefe through my kind eyes, evaporates,
The ſad miſt from my kinder heart, and leaves
It obvious.
Mart. This cannot be diſſembling ---- (*aſide*
My Lord your pardon! my raſh credulity,
And filiall love to parent,
Enforc'd my heart to a foule miſconſtruction,
How that your power which the Duke contriv'd
My fathers ſad remove; the reaſon, this:
Becauſe you held him for an Enemy;
And in a ſuppoſ'd juſt revenge, I thought
To kill you; yet not ignobly.
Hip. Adulterated age! Monſtrous ingratitude!
Is my ſo noble friendſhip, pious ſorrow,
Unceſſant mediation, all my ſervices,
Both to, and for your father, thus rewarded?
Arme! for I'le teach thy rage a better temper---
(*draw.*
Was it for this? my long continued pray'rs,
For your advance (yet unt ill now effectleſſe)
At length, have wone the yeelding Duke to make
Your worthleſſe-ſelfe his generall? nay brought
His Royall perſon to confirme it on you,
Brought him an honour to your habitation,
For this? ---- but I tryffle ------ betake you to your
Guard! Why do you not put forward?

Doth

Doth abject feare restrain your fury?

Mart. No 'tis a thing I hate, as I do love
True vallour: the late War proclaim'd it: nor
Because you'r favourit to the Duke for could,
It enter in my thought, you wrong'd my father?
Were you *Jove's* Ganymed? my noble anger
Would force me re-attempt high-heav'ns invasion,
And from th' *Olympicke* thunders riffled armes
Throw headlong my revenge to *Tartarus*.

Hip. O'----- tho'ut damned spirit (*aside.*

Mart. To prosecute sweet vengeance,
I could do things, me thinks impossible:
But useless be that hand, usurps a sword;
Against a friend! now I am calme, and beg,
What must not be denyed, your goodnesse pardon;
And, henc forth, I vow to weare you next my soul.

Hip. First------ Nay, pray receive my sword! { *Proffers his Sword.*
And if you doubt of my reality?
Rippe up my brest, where you shall find a heart
Worthy your friendship.

Mart. Kind Sir, enough: I am all faith--- The Princess. { *To them, Julia.*

Julia. Martiano, the Duke, within expects you.

Mart. Madam, I attend.

Julia. The Lord *Hipolito* will deserve your love, Whose

Whose faithfull mediation hath accompanied
Our long important suit, for th' old Generall.
Exit Julia
Hipol. As sent from heav'n, [*aside.*
Mart. This confirmes all the rest:
What devil suggested me to this mistake?
Once more, Sir, your forgivenesse?
Hip. Martiano, take it, and a friend! but hence
Let reason rule, and not be rul'd by sense. (*Exeunt.*

Desinit Actus primus.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter **Honoria**, *Fumante*, *Vatinius.*

Hono. WHat think yee, Gentlemen of *Lucibella.*
Vatin. She spake sweetly and wisely.
Hono. Well, she's the glory of her sex.
I never heard a suite of such importance,
Urg'd which like modesty: t'was strange the duke
(After so powerfull aplea) could still,
Remaine inexorable.
Fuman. Sir, nothing less: justice best speakes a Prince,
When mercy yoakes his great Prerogative
With vulgar censure: should he, now, reverse
(At

(At a faire Ladies prayers) his former doome,
And call *Pausanio* home, which all the Lords
Entreaty could not win him to, d'yee thinke
The busy-Commons gravidated heads,
(Which generally, from nothing, coyne conceits)
Would not bring forth foule whispers, since they know.
Him for a Traytor.

Hono. I've heard a Tenent (besides that of his sanctity)
How that a Princes great Prerogative,
Maintaines him not-erronious (the truth
Of either, I dispute not, since authouriz'd)
Which beleev'd, the people dare not murmure.
How e're, mercy no lesse becomes a Prince.

Fuman. Faith Sir, their insolency, here of late,
Is growne to such a height, that Majesty
Lies trampl'd on; they dare doe any thing.

Vatin. 'Tis too-true.
And more then time their great impiety,
Were by a stricter hand suppreſt.

Hono. Here are a paire of States-men, such another
Not to be called out of Christendome, t' or'e throw it, *Aside*
One a foole, t' other a flatterer, I must not
Leave them, for my mirth;
But harke yee Gentlemen! 'tis more then thought.

That

That the the old Gennerall, is grossely injur'd
Fuman. Fooles are of that opinion.
Vatin. Yes, yes, fooles; none, but fooles.
Hono. I am of that opinion; am I a foole?
Both. You a foole, my Lord?
Hono. I doe protest I hold *Pausanio* noble.
Fuman. Come, come, my Lord, it is unsafe
To harbour such opinions, when the lawes
Have prov'd him guilty of foule treason.
Hono. Hum---are you of that faction?
I shall observe you more hereafter. *Aside*
I only speake to yee, my grave judicious friends,
But no more of that.
What thinke yee of th' great honour, late confer'd
On *Martiano*? he's now created Generall;
And hath a haughty spirit.
Fuman. Spirit too much, I feare; but yet the duke.
Was ill advis'd, untill a farther proofe,
So great an honour, rashly, to bestow,
Tooke from a Traytour, on the Traytours sonne,
Vatin. Right: who (for ought we know) may be a Traitour?
The Duke was much too blame, and without question,
The whole Court are of our opinion.
Hono. Yes, yes, fooles; none, but fooles.
Both. How's this?
Hono. Now I hope you will not question me, for my opinion;

I am

I am even with yee.

Both. Wee ? not wee, my Lord; we are your friends.

Hono. Nay now yee dare not { *Vatin*, *Fuman:* } Courts { *Rosania.* *Dianetta* } And I am glad on't *To them Rosania, and Dianetta.*

See the ladies.

Such seem'd the beauteous Goddess, when she got.

The golden ball, on happy Ida's toppe;

Else had the Trojan-youth bestow'd the prize

On *Juno*, or the Martiall-maid.

Rosania, well; how e're you sleight my love,

My captiv'd soule will your true martyr prove.

Dianetta. I've not neglected the performance of All your desires.

Fuman. You much oblige me.

Rosania. Enough, enough, I doe not like the subject.

Vatin. That's but an evasion, because she would not have *Aside.*

Her love to me discovered: how shall I be blest, with wit, and beauty?

Rosa. Your serious thoughts (my Lord) are taken up { *To Honorio.* }

With business for the state; you have left courting.

Hono. Lady, I was projecting ——

Rosa. Oh purge your brain of projects, I advise you.

They

They breed contagion, that infects the ſtate;
And will, or make you deadly ſick, or kill you.
Hono. But mine is lawfull.
Roſa. Law it ſelfe's unſound.
Hono. Yet, Lady, mine is juſt and honeſt.
Roſa. That would be rare and ſtrange: what i'ſt? ——— *Hon. and Roſa. whiſper.*
Vatin. She fits him every way and ſhe hath aſhrew'd wit,
And I ſhall love her the better for't: even thus. (*Aſide.*
Will ſhe croſs me, to exerciſe her Genius ———
Roſa. You love a Lady, and would have her give you the
Monopoly of her heart; and, for th' obtayning
Of the Pattent, give her yours.
Hono. I would: Is it not fayre, and equall?
Roſa. As't may fall out: yet you may pay too deere; ———
But it concerns not me.
Hono. She's yet immoveable: hard-hearted fayre! ——— (*Aſide.*
Roſa. Signior *Fumante*, I had your amorous verſes.
Vatin. He ſend her verſes? ——— (*Aſide.*
Roſa. But the exuberance of your praiſe, was only due
To Venus ſelfe; and (if my memory faile me not)
The Author ſo intended them, in th' laſt Court-

Masque.

Fuman. The Author Madame?
How, hath she found out that? —— (*Aside.*

Rosa. Yes Sir! the major part of them i'm sure were none.
Of yours: but blush not! you're not the first, by
Multitudes, guilty of this fellonious fault,
'tis common.

Dian. Yet nere the less absurd.

Fumam. By Phœbus selfe, I sweare!
Th' invention genuinely was my owne.
I not deny, but mine might simulize
The others learned-straine.

Dian. Yea; good witts will jumpe.

Fuman. For now the sterile soile of forc'd invention.
Is over-wrought, therefore not so productive
Of variety: what theame can you propose.
That largely hath not bin discuss'd on?

Rosa. Scarce any: therefore your excuse is the more passable.

Dian. The duke ——

Enter duke, Iulia, Lucebella, Hipol, Martiano, Ausonius, Attendants, Flourish.

Duke. Madame you have exceeded in our entertainment.
Which you may judg ill recompenc'd, having deny'd.
Your only suite: but consolate

your

Your greived heart, which better hopes: for when.
Your Presence, shall, an honour bring, with it,
Unto our Court, our gratitude shall give
Your bounty a just proofe, that we deserve it.
Hipol. What meanes the duke? —— (*Aside,*
Duke. Till when-I thinke't an age- *kisses.*
your leave ——
Th' Arabian gales breath not so sweet a scent
On blushing Roses.
Luceb. Your Grace leaves too much honour which your handmaid.
Duke. Faireſt--farewell! } *Looks steadfastly upon her, pulls his hat over his eyes then goes away which Hip. M. A. Ho. F. Va.*
Diana. The duke departed strangely.
Iulia. Some thing hath
crept into,
His noble breſt, that troubles him,
What ere it be?
Diana. I partly gueſs the cauſe.
Luceb. Pray heav'n no want in us, or misperformance.
In his entertainment, hath wrought this alteration!
Julia. Be feareleſs!
Dian. No; rather your abundance: in plainer termes,
Madame, I thinke your beauty hath subjected
His stouter heart, and doubting, now your loves
Reciprocation, since his great opposing.

Your sad petition, his obduracie
Feeling the heat of *Cupids* flames become
More flexible: witnesse his kind invitall
To the Court, his gratefull promises of all
Due performance, and his encouragement
To lively consolation; but most,
His Heart-betraying salutation
Just at parting: through which I well perceiv'd,
(As if his breast had bin transparent crystall)
The rankling relique Loves kind cruelty
Had left behind —— nay (Madam) we can judge
Julia. Propitious be thy divination!
Luceb. I would not for the world.
Julia. Why? could'st not love him?
Luceb. Yes, before any He living:
Nay set aside th' attraction of his person
Which, though external, is most powerfull;
With all th' internall vertues, that enrich
His nobler mind: as he is your brother
He might share bliss with me: but as he is
A tyrant to my virgin teares effus'd
In such aboundance, meekely at his feet,
Whereby to expiate my fathers guilt
From his too strict remembrance and reduce
him to his native home, that so mine eyes
(Happy in their aspect) might straine the rest
through my excesse of joy; as he is thus
Mercilesse to deny me this, I could be pitty less---
(weeps.)
Julia.

Julia. Sweeteſt ſhake off this miſbecoming ſorrow!
And theſe ſad weeds, that ſhrow'd it! for, than now,
Never more cauſe of gladneſſe: tyer thy ſelfe
Like to thy ſelfe! and help revive the Court
(Grown dull through thy long abſence)
With thy preſence!

Dia. (Dear Madam) do! for if the Duke be taken?
As certainly he is (or I have no inſpection)
Beleeve your father now at home! for that muſt follow.
He never can expect love from you,
'Till he have made him recompence.

Roſa. Very true: therefore pray be adviſd!

Dian. Good Madam!

Julia. Nay come, you ſhall be rul'd, and goe to Court.

Luceb. Chiefly, to give a demonſtration
Of my obedience to the Duke his ſummons;
Next to pleaſure ye; and laſt (if poſſible)
Too loſe part of my greefe, which heav'n knowes
Is in ſupportable, I will waite on you------
But by our ſacred friendſhip! *Takes Julia by the hand.*

Julia. To me no exorciſms.

Luceb. Then Queſtion not your brothers paſſion!

Julia. I ſhall obſerve ——— *Exeunt. Enter.*

Enter Duke and Page.

Duke. Come gentle boy, thy untouch'd heart is light,
Thou canst expresse another's sadnes in
A pleasing tone, and yet remaine unmov'd:
Sing me the melancholly ditty, which thou saidst
Would please me. (*Sings.*

Song.

WEEpe on, sad Soul! and may thy teares
make thee memorative of hers!
yet not to grieve thee;
For though thy disrespective beames
carrouz'd, unsatisfi'd, those streames
her goodnesse may relieve thee:
Th'obdurate stone,

By oft distilling drops, is wrought upon:
Sigh on! untill thy frozen brest,
be with dissolving---warmth possest!
then weep agen!
Till thy repentant sorrow
each teare, and sigh, from her did flow
hath bin repayed with tenne;
and then she must.

Or love againe, or liv'd esteem'd unjust.

Duke. Tis well: leave us! (*Exit, Page.*
What a combustion rages in my brest!
And how small hope to quench it! righteous fate!

What

What horrid sin, unknown to my cleare soul,
Have I committed, meriting so great
A punishment? than which, none---temporall
More cruell: to love and be disdain'd!
Is there prevention? she, whose sea of tears
(That might have melted Rocks) th' abyssus of
My greedy rigour hath carrouz'd without
Sense of satiety; can she have left
One drop to pitty me?-------
She whose sad sweet complaints, could not but charme
The bloudy Moore, and teach his fiercenesse, mildnesse;
I've heard neglectingly: can she retaine
Compassion, for one hath bin so cruell?
Superfluous question! ——— but stay better reason:
Say I call home her father------- if at length,
After whole yeares, great paines, large summs, consum'd
In the delaying law, we but recover
The desperate principall! travell nor charge
Is thought on, we're contented: why maint shee
(Forgetting her past greefes) be satiffied?
I am resolv'd---- --but then where's Justice-----
oh!-------
No matter:-------yee celestial dwellers,
In Capital Letters, register this truth!
I fall to frailety, but by a temptation

That your divinities, if upon earth, could not withstand:

Which scene I may find pardon — *To him Hip: speaking to himselfe.*

Hi. There is no safety can associate sin;

Some thing must be donne.

Duke. Hipolito discoursing to himselfe?

Thus obscur'd, I may o're heare him. — *Duke behind the hangings.*

Hipol. The Duke is strangely chang'd: his wonted mirth

Forsakes him; and his mind-disclosing-speech

Speaks him all sadness: his dejected lookes,

Soft lingring-pace, and sollitary loneness,

Faint-heartless-sighs, and jealous apprehensions.

Are the true badges of a deepe-struck-Amorist.

Duke. There you rub'd my wound.

Hipol. Hum —— it troubles me extreamly,

To know the certaine cause of his distemper.

Duke. Kind Hipolito, thy whole care's for us,

Whereas we're growne quite careless of ourselfe,

Hipol. May be the peereless *Lucebella.*

Duke. What of her?

Hipol. (The splendour of whose eye might enfuse warmth

In the halfe frozen Cossack, and enforce

Him throw away his friendly furrs) hath caught.

His yeelding soule —— I would not for a world —— — *Duke comes forth.*

Duke. Why? I can hold no longer.

Hipol.

Hipol. Ha? —how eafily might my ſecure thoughts
Have bin ſurpriz'd?
Duke. Be not amaz'd! but feareleſs! we have heard.
Thy kind expreſſions tending to our wellfare;
My deare Hipolito, what recompence,
For thy continuall care, can there be, worth
Thy acceptance? when as my dukedome is
Too poore a reſtitution.
Hipol. Gracious Sir, all I can doe's but duty,
Therefore too well rewarded by your royall notice.
Duke. Thou art all virtue. But when you pronounc'd
The very cauſe of my ſick hearts diſeaſe,
Naming faire *Lucebella*, why ſtop'd you?
Then with a faint concluſion (I would not for a world)
Blaſt my hopes?
Hipol. I'm put to't; but am arm'd —(*Aſide.*
Duke. Say (my Hipolito) —— wracke not my expectation!
Doſt thou ſuſpect her virtue?
Hipol. What, If I confirm'd her vitious? it would worke; (*Aſide.*
But oh that were a ſin, for which damnation
Would ſeeme a puniſhment too eaſy —I have't
Duke. Why muttur'ſt, to thy ſelfe?
And leaveſt our demand unſatisfy'd?

Hipol.

Hipol. Sir, your pardon!
My anxious thoughts, with which my breſt's replete;
Caus'd this neglect of duty.
Duke. Then answer us: doſt thou beleeve her ſuch
As the beſt female, through temptation, may be,
Frayle?
Hipol. Chaſt and religious, as the virgin Nunne,
For ought I know.
Duke. She is, ſhe is; my ſoule for hers, ſhe is:
With haſte, diſpeed our letters to *Pauſanio*,
Entreat him home, wo him to pardon our
Not pardoning him! tell him we are his friend,
Intend to call him father; reſtitute
Him any thing —— all things —— Jam 'ore joyd.
But what? doſt thou repine at our felicity?
Hipol. No: but, rather, pray for its encreaſe.
Duke. What then, writes diſcontentment, on thy brow?
Wee doe command your neereſt thoughts.
Hipol. (Great Sir) you know my home-bred nature, blunt
As ſimple, not enur'd to ſooth errour
With flattery, ſo heap ſin on ſin; but prone
T'extirpate vice, and cheriſh virtue: then
Shall I behold, with violating hands,
Your ſelfe, that ſhould maintaine juſtice, uſurpe

Her

Her ſacred-ſword, and, with the deſperate point,
Willfully vulnerate your precious ſoul,
When as you may prevent it? and not be truly
greev'd?
Oh no! theſe teares (th' intruſive witneſſes
Of the fix'd love I beare him) doe lament
Pauſanio's abſence: yet my pious heart,
Limitts my ready wiſhes, for a ſquared rocke,
Of perfect Adamant, I'ld not have him heere,
And the impardonable ſin upon
Your tortur'd conſcience, with the living ſcan-
dall.
Devouring your noble name, and Anceſtors;
When as Poſterity
Viewing the annalls of your happy reigne,
Among your better deeds, there regiſtred,
Shall find this matchleſs peece of partiall juſtice;
And, in the eares of your ſurviving off-ſpring,
Read, Here have we th' elſe good Coſmo,
For a Precedent of ill: will they not curſe you?
Duke. Oh ———
Hipol. But my too-forward tongue willing t'
expreſſe.
My zeale to goodneſs, hath tranſgreſſd; and now
I have diſcharg'd my duty, if you pleaſe?
Cut off my head! ——— (*Kneeles.*
Duke. Riſe, my divided ſoul! would the great
traines,
That throng the Courts of Princes, were like
thee!

But, now, what meanes to keepe me from thi guilt,
And yet be happy? my *Hipolito*.

Hipol. This only: of late young *Martiano*,
With great entreaty oft hath urg'd
Me to desire your Majesties consent,
That he might visit his long absent father:
Now, give him your grant! and for the rest
Let me alone: his faire sister
Affects your Grace, suffize it, that I know it:
But her brother opposes all that bashfull virgins--

Duke. Wee understand thee: and thy words bring comfort;
Tell him he hath our leave, with power to use
Our Gallies, when, and where, he please:
We long to heare of his departure.

Hipol. I'le hasten it: Sir, be you but cheerfull,
For if I faile? hate me!

Duke. Be prosperous!——— *Exit.*

Hipol. So: now to *Martiano*, then the games on foote;
I must not trust his friendship, but at distance.
Had not the good evill spirit furnished
My great necessity? from what a precipice
Had I fall'ne head-long to perdition?
I'm deeply in, then on! if I must fall?
Better for treason, then things triviall. —— *Exit.*

Enter Rosania.

Rosania. To be married to *Vatinius*? this false report
Puts

its me besides my patience: the very man I
oath above all the imitating Apes in the
Court:
Tis true, he and *Fumante* both, have oft with
)aths, profest'd they lov'd me; which I ever
slighted,
nd plainely told them, that I could phancy nei-
ther.
wonder upon what ground 'tis fabrick'd! ----
Ipon my life, meerely his own report; no
)therwise; but I shall fit him; this comes of
'ublique Courtship: 'tis well it is no worse.
would not have it reach the ears of th' Prin-
cesse
'or any good -----. *Honorio*, I am now resolv'd
to
lake amends, for my long past unkindnesse,
'hy constancy doth challenge it. (*Exit.*)

Enter Hipolito, *and Martiano.*

Mart. Hell to my soul? -----whore my Sister?
Hip. Let reason coole your boyling bloud; lest that
mpatience robbe you of sweet revenge.
Mart. It cannot:
ly vertue's proofe against all opposition:
)ring him before my rage, though payled round,
Vith armed milions, maugre their resistance,
'le heiw him peace-meale, then to ravenous Kites.

Throw

Throw his luxurious Carcase-----wast for thi
His Syren tongue envited her to Court,
To strumpet her ? ------- better his lust had
choſe
His only ſiſter to make black with guilt.
Or mounted his owne mother----- whore m
ſiſter ?
Theſe the promis'd hopes of conſolation ?-----
Diſhonour *Lucibella* ?
Hip. For heav'ns ſake moderate your fury?
Or, we both are loſt.
Mart. Periſh the whole world with us, ra
ther than
One graine of our dear honour ! fiery flames
Run through my frighted veines, and conſume
me,
Before I ſhall doe juſtice ; patience
But a little ; I'le inſtantly returne,
And bring the libidinous heart of this mœcha-
tour
A preſent for you, poynted on my Steele.
Hip. Firſt you muſt cut your paſſage through
me ?
This is childiſh raſhneſſe ; and not the fruit
Your vowes to patience, and ſecreſie,
So fairely promiſ'd : had I known your temper
To be thus volatile ? no torment ſhould
Have forc'd perſwaſion, or the name of friend
Have wrought this ſecret from me : giv't me
back ? (*draws.*

Or

Or I will ransack all your Intrals fort.
Mart. Why I am your friend, and (but for you) had liv'd
In ignorance, whilst the lascivious Duke
Might have brought black dishonour on our house,
And I lost my revenge, but, to your love,
I owe more then a thousand lives; for now
I know his dark intentions, and can
Prevent th'm, by killing them in the bud.
Performe then your free proffer, joyne with me!
Remember it alike concerns you----you
He would have made his cursed instrument,
The damned Bawd to his foul lust (my Lord)
You------oh heavens!------the good *Hipolito*.
Can you hear this, yet not be mov'd?
Hip. I can seem so, and compasse my revenge
With greater safety; when you rashly runne
Your neck into the nuze; and not alone,
Your own; but seek to ruine him, that was
And would be, your best friend. It is unsafe
To play with th' awfull Lyons curled maine,
When waking; but a sleep, your pleasure may
Command his very heart.
Mart. I am to blame: Forgive me; Sir, the cause
Must needs distemper the most able brain:
You were about to counsell me, pray on!

You

You said the course was sure, and might be sud-
daine :
I vow all patient observance.
Hip. Then thus.
Some twelve Moones since, you may remember
The solemne vow *Sicanio* freely made
Unto your father, whose supply preserv'd
His person, people, gallies, from the yoke
Of Turkish bondage; when *Reobbassa*
That proud commander, with his whole Armado
Set on his weaker power, which (by multitude)
'Ore Master'd, after a cruell fight,
Sicanio, and the *Sicilian* Cavalleirs
Ready to yeeld themselves unto their mercy,
Pausanio, and his power were discri'd
A loofe, making from *Malta*; when the wind
Favouring their course, ere a full watch was
out,
Brought them inken of th' Turkes; your father
by
Their flags, knew them for foes, and freshly char-
ges
Upon their Admirall (till then victorious)
Who (after many) by one dangerous shot.
Receav'd 't wixt wind, and water, quickly sunck:
The rest (disabl'd by the former: and
More weakn'd by the latter fight) revenge,
Not vallour animated on; and now
A bloody fight begins; but seven short houres
Declares your father Victour: for the *Turke*

Beat

Beat out by new ſupply, clapps on all ſail,
And flies; leaving their intended prize unto
Your father: who (proud that it was his fate,
To ſerve the Prince) makes himſelfe known,
Supplies what warre had made deficient,
And takes leave: to whom *Sicanio*, thus:
Valliant *Pauſanio*, our great Preſerver,
May heav'n be juſt in ſending thee like ſtreit!
Not that we wiſh thee ill; but that we may
Expreſs our gratitude, for this deliverance,
And your great love:
For all our lives, and force of Sicilly,
Are ty'd to your diſpoſall: So, parted.
Now, *Martiano*, haſte you thither, and make known
To him your griefes; and if that he be noble,
Now's the time to ſhew it.
Mart. But if in caſe, alleadging he is friend
To *Florence*, he deny me his aſſiſtance!
Hipol. T were ſin to doubt his Princely word
—— how 'ere,
Upon your firſt adviſe of ill ſucceſs,
I'le have the duke diſpatch'd; and 't will be ſafe.
For, in your abſence, what ſuſpition can
Move any to thinke you intereſted therein;-- ha?
Mart. Rare, above thought! my conſtant letters
Shall acquaint you withall paſſages:
I will away to night; the wind ſits faire.
Hipol. Indeed your buſineſs doth require wings.

Success waite on you? ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Ausonius and Lucebella her Clothes changed.

Auso. This better change, will much rejoyce your
Brother; who, 'bove his owne, preferrs your wellfare.

Luceb. May it prove wroth his joy; I rather feare.
My greefes encrease, than their redress —— I go
Unwillingly —— and yet I know not why ——
But 'tis the Princess swayes me. { *To them Mart.*

Auso. See *Martiano*'s come to waite upon you thither.

Mart. To Court! rather to a Bordello ——— Sister,
This bravery becomes you well —— yea and abroad ———
But best at home: let not my plainness cause
Your amazement! the duke hath undermin'd you,
And wants but putting to the burning match,
Of blowing up your honour:
Anon you shall know more; I must this night
For Sicilly; my deare Ausonius
Will supply my roome, till my returne, whom I
(By letters) will enforme of all proceedings---- away.

Luceb. Is this the joy! will unkind fate for ever

Lowr'e

Lowr'e! is there no mitigation!
Mart. Be wisely patient! or you betray
My else-sure revenge.
Auso. Now thou speakest like my friend.
Mart. But I lose precious time:
In, and know all: oh gods, be now but just!
Then shall this lustfull fleme burne him to dust.
Desinit Actus Secundus!

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Honorio and Rosania.

Hono. LAdy, your seeming cruelty, hath much.
Afflicted me, but your now reall promise
Of mutuall amity, and protestation
That 'twas but for a trial of my faith,
Dissolves my frozen hopes to melting joy: and heart
I do present you with the constant'st heart.
That purest vowes, e're plighted to a Maid —— [*Sallute.*
Rosa. 'Tis but exchang'd for one, whose as firme faith
Resolves the chastest love, that virgin--blushes
Ever betray'd to Man.
Hono. May permanent felicity crowne both,
Our resolutions! Madam, your perswasive reasons.

Command me patience till the Princes leave,
And your then ready love, shall perfect this
Our begun happiness: in th' interim,
I will endeavour some quaint stratageme.
To shame my brace of boasters, whose jactations,
Have, with your modesty, abus'd my passion.

Rosa. The very project my slight vengeance aim'd at:
Would 'twere affected!

Hono. Oh doubt it not! their policy's not so preventive,
But we may easily compass it:
Only, thus farre, be pleas'd to be assistant;
When that *Vatinius* courts you, let your praise
Be of Fumante, and his Poetry:
And when Fumante, *Vatinius* in your eyes
A compleat Courtier, and becomes his clothes
Be best in *Florence*: and for the rest, let me alone.

Rosa. I shall observe: and so I take my leave. — *Exit Rosa*

Hono. All joyes waite on you: now for my mimique gallants. — *To him Fum. & Carlo.*

And luckily heeres one, fretting, as if some busy
Waspe, had with her stinging tayle, offended his
Worshipps nose; unseene, I will observe him. — *Hono: behind the Arras.*

Fuman. It can not bee.

Carlo. 'Tis credibly so reported Sir.

Fuman. *Vatinius* marry her?

What

What, in the name of merit, can her eye
Discover in that indigested lumpe,
Worthy so sweet a purchase? but uncase
His diseas'd body, and the dullest eye
Will soone perceave what a Consumption
Intemperance hath bred there: out of boots,
His legs are, but a booty for a Buzzard.
And, but take off his artificiall lockes
The french men (that first wanted) first invented;
And 'gainst the sun perspicuously you may
See, what a plenteous lacke of brains,
His noddl's stor'd with; which causes him conceit himselfe a compleat gentleman.

Hono. How right his malice hath describ'd em both!

Carlo. What imperfections gay apparell covers?

Fuman. True: whilst deserving vertue, unregarded,
Walkes in a thred bare vestment.

Hono. This is observable: 'tis not the goodly out-side speakes a man.

Carlo. But I have heard, Sir, that he's possess'd with a very great.
Estate; and who hath wealth hath all things: he
Shall be reputed virtuous, valiant, noble, wise,
What not? and questionless 'tis that she aymes at: as for
His defects, she may (as other Ladys) supply them in
A proper, able, well limb'd, gentileusher, who with

Alacrity and fidelity shal discharge his office, to
The no small contentment of his Madam; yet
Seemingly-be-check'd, and rayl'd on in his fellows
Presence, for now performance of his duty.
Hono. A bitter knave.
Fum. But are there, who do so?
Carlo. Are there? why where will you find a Lady that doth
Not so? (I mean, I Florence) nay worse in sport
With their Marmosits, and smooth skin'd doggs,
A beastly quality for a Lady: though the now frequent
Custome of it; lessens the crime.
Fum. Well, it vexeth me beyond all patience, to be
Thus affronted, by such a worthlesse Widgeon;
Would I durst fight with him!
Hono. 'Twould prove a foule Combat; a woodcock with
A widgeon.
Carlo. Why sir, what should cause your feare? upon my
Knowledge, the sight of a drawn sword wil make him swound.
Fum. I will not trust him: nor is it good jesting with
Edg'd tooles.
Carlo. Yet have I seen you quarrell; an On the Piazza, Drew

Draw upon a gentle man, for ſmiling (as you
thought)
At your new faſhion'd hatt, or ſpurre leather:
and with
Vociferous language, threaten inevitable ſlaugh-
ter.
Fum. 'Thats been, when ſome have held me,
then?
Carlo. Thats very true —— and he without
a ſword too (*aſide.*
Fum. Nay I dare quarrell with the beſt; and
with uncivill
Language abuſe any man; nay I dare yet goe
Farther (rather then be thought a coward) ſend
A challenge; but under hand, take up the quarrel,
Though at th' expence of a Collation of tenne
Piſtoletts. I can't endure theſe dangerous paſſa-
do's.
Carlo. But if, with honour the affronted can-
not put it
Up but you muſt fight, or be eſteemed puſillani-
mous,
How then?
Fum. Then I acquit him with the ſevere law's
'gainſt
Duels, and what great want of judgement 'tis
to
Undertake them, when for a ſlight word-reputa-
tion,
We commit a murther, yet not obtain our ven-
geance

Without losse of our own lives, which meere temerity
Forfeits unto the Law; requesting him to entertaine
The Noblest thoughts of me, I am a Gentleman,
Ready to give best satisfaction when but call'd in
Question, on any ground, but Tuscany; where the too
Rigorous lawes makes it unsafe to combat, &c.

Carlo. This may prevaile with some: but say he be implacable?

Hono. I how then?

Fum. Why then, with politique patience, I resolve rather
To suffer a dry private beating, which breaks no bones;
Than run th' arischa of my life, with dangerous poking.

Hono. I shall try your temper.

Carlo. Then y'are resolv'd to let him have your Mistrisse?

Hono. No Ile forbid the baines.

Fum. Not so: but, first, I'le hear this newes confirm'd,
And then I may doe something: meane time you
Must give out that *Lucebella*'s desperately sicke.
It is the Lord *Hipolito*'s Com- { *Exit Carlo.*
mand: their's a reward —— { *To Fum. Hono.*

Hono. Fumante, met as wish'd!

Fum.

Fuman. What is *Honorio*'s pleasure?

Hono. To pleasure you, my friendship hitherto
hath still confirm'd it.

Fuman. VVhich ever I've acknowledg'd, and
for which
I place you next my heart.

Hono. And theirs a peace of service now in my
power,
VVill deserve that place; if you dare venter on't,
But I erre to Question, knowing your courage,
and
Impavid spirit; when honour bids you On.

Fum. I both have propensitude to dare, and
power to do.
Say! what ist!

Hono. *Vatinius*, whom fame gives out for truth
Shall wed *Rosania*, conceives that you
Have grossely injur'd him; for it appears
She now begins, to slight him, of which neglect
He judges you the Author; because
Flowting him to his face; for the bad wearing
Of his good cloaths, she emulates your garbe;
Vituperating his dull courtship, applauds
Your fluent veine; reputes him worthlesse, and
Your self deserving; and upon this ground's
Resolv'd to challenge you to single Combat.
Now if my friendly counsell (only tending
To your dear credit, and future good) may
Be prevalent; 'twere not amiss you did prevent
His peremptory challenge with another;

VVhich

VVhich greatly must disanimate him; denoting
You are truly sensible of the wrong he hath done you,
In basely skandalizing your merit to your Mistresse.
——*Oh! oche torto*?——which he
Hath often in my hearing done: so shall
You justly chastise vice, and re-obtaine
Rosania's favour.
Fum. But there is danger in't.
Hono. No more then in beating an English Spannel, which
Will love you the better ever after for't. *Vatinius* is
A true bred Courtier; and had rather see an evill
Spirit, then an unsheath'd Spado——however, let
Me know your place of meeting, and I'le see there
Shall be no bloud-shed: for a wholsome beating
Will doe him most good, nor would I have you
Purple your bright sword, in bloud of a poore Coward
'Twere dishonour.
Fum. I am resolv'd.
Hono. The time, and place?
Fum. Sixe in the Evening, in the grove behind the pallace. You'l

You'l not faile to meet!

Hono. Faile! —— I sweare I would not miss the sport
For any good —— yet use him gently —— for I pitty him.
Onely it is against my honest nature to heare my
Friend abus'd, and see so sweet a beauty subject
Herselfe to such a glorious nothing —— when
Suggested to't, only, by fraudulent information.

Fum. I'le enforme him, and reforme him too,

Hono. 'Twould prove an easier tasque to teach an english.
Beare speak French —— you say you think she loves you!

Fum. Thinke!

Hono. And hath bestowed upon you many favours!
As leave to kisse her hand ——

Fum. Her hand!

Hono. Yes! that's a favour: but I understand you —— you
Have been more familiar, you are happy! ——
And she hath grac'd your many presents with
Her kind acceptance!

Fum. She hath

Hono. And all this *Vatinius* contradicts ---- oh lying Rascal!

Fum. I'le contradict him, and presently about it ——
You will not faile to meet?

Hono.

Hono. Doubt it not! ——— but when you have greatest need ---- Be confident I'le prove a broken reed. ------- { *Exit Famante.* { *Exit Honorio.*

Enter Hipol. *and* Lucebella.

Hipol. You could have lov'd him then!

Luceb. Before he fell from vertue, as my selfe
Divided, might affect the other halfe.
But since stain'd with corruption,
His memorie's most loathsome.

Hip. Whence then proceeds this strong oppugnance to
My faire proposition, efflagitation? if from your hate?
Be, what your angel-form doth seem to speak
You, merciſull! and with one stroke dispatch
Me, and my greefes! but say, I cannot love you;
And that subverting blast, shall (in a trice)
Shake my hie flaming heart to frigid earth
So ease me: whereas merciless delay
But torment adds unto affliction:
Say (Lady) doe you hate me!

Luceb. That were to make me worse then ingratefull,
No (my Lord) I cannot be so irreligious, as
To hate the man that loves me; I do honour
Your great vertue, and with a perfect zeale
Respect your worth: be then but confident

Of

Of your own merit, you may be assur'd
You have an equal interest in my heart,
With any he that breathes: but for reply
To your great suite, thus.
By that firme love, your seeming pious vows
Induc'd me to believe most reall, and
By what's more deare to you, urge it no further
For I've no power to grant, what you request.
Hip. Madam you much amaze me.
Luceb. I've vow'd virginity (my Lord) till it shall please
Hard fate to be more gentle, and exchange
My injur'd father's infortunity,
For's former dignities; it misbecomes
My sad condition to entertain, till then,
Least hope of joy: therefore (good Sir,)
Desist! my faithfull vow is fled beyond recall
Hip. Not the least word falls from that powerfull tongue
But doth predominate o're my strongest passion,
Teaching it subjection —— Madam,
I am all patience and obedience.
Yet give me leave to hope!
Luceb. My Lord, I would not be so sinfull, as
To counsell to despaire.
Hipol. Then, till another meeting shall revive me, divinest, fairest,
Permit my loyall lippe, on your pure hand,
T'inscribe the figure of my perfect love,

Obvious

Obvious to none but you, that when those eyes,
(For this hands sake) do glance upon the print,
You may remember, reading there your servant——— *Exit.*

Luceb. As for the rest, I'le follow your advice.
The dukes unbridl'd lust rages beyond.
Suppression, and (but for this brave Lord)
Had driven him hither, to my honours ruine:
Bad age! what dare not sinfull man attempt?
I must admit no visits, his report.
Hath made me dangerously sick; which may
Worke with his wilde distemper, and preserve
My honour free from blemish; if that faile?
Heere is a noble hand that will——— { *To her* *Ausonius*
prevaile.

Auso. Lady, you brother, with first favourable wind,
Will reach our Port; here's letters which advise,
Of all occurrents, please you retier, and peruse them.
Your brothers letters have enform'd your father,
Of this designe, who connot long be absent.
I must, with speed, dispatch one to *Legorne*,
Unto my Substitute, to render up
The Fort to *Martiano*: 'tis of great importance:
The Prince, in person, to expresse his zeale
To your deserving father, with great power,
Accompanies my friend, and vowes redress.

Luceb.

Luceb. Heav'n thou haſt heard my ——— prayers. *Exit Luecb.*

Auſo. Immediately I follow.
Martiano, thou 'rt hitherto ſucceſsfull;
Nor would I have thy raſh credulity
O'rethrow this great deſigne, and ſo betray,
Thy weakeneſs to eternall ſhame:
Which to prevent I muſt detaine theſe letters
Directed to *Hipolito*; 'tis unſafe.
To truſt his ſmoothneſs: if he be our friend?
We nobly ſhall embrace him, in —— the end? *Exit Auſonius.*

Enter Vatinius and Jacamo.

Vatin. How look'd ſhe on thee? *Jacamo.*

Jaca. As a fleet ſtreet-Barber, on a twopenny Cuſtomer;
Or a Clyent-cloid Lawyer, on a halfe fee: bad me
Tell you, ſhe ſcorn'd your glorious jewell, and inglorious
ſelfe; only this ſhort precept, relliſht of kindneſs, if not of love.

Vatin. What was't?

Jaca. Marry to follow the example of *Fumante*; he's
A compleat Gentleman, and (in her eye)
The moſt deſerving man in Italy.

Vatin. Shame, andfeare poſſeſſe him! ——— heere ——— (*gives him a letter.*

Deliver

Deliver this unto his proper hands.

Jaca. It would be strange, if this should prove a Challenge. { *Exit Iaca.*

Vatin. 'Tis as *Honoria* told me —— well I have follow'd.

His advice, upon his faithful promise of assistance,
But if he faile ? —— *Fumante* will performe—
I shall be sure to have 't how ever —— would,
'Twere to doe again! —— but her's { *To him Hono.*
Honoria. ——

'Tis done my Lord.

Hono. Spoke like a Conquerour.

Vatin. But. ——

Hono. But what man ?

Vatin. Nay, do not thinke I feare him !

Hono. Pugh ! let Cowards feare !

Vatin. I so they doe —— (*Aside.*

Hono. And such, whose smutty soules the wildfier of
Foule guilt corrodes ! (as it doth his) best innocence is guard against all danger.

Vatin. Yet I could wish —— *Hono* What ?

Vatin. I were more valliant —— *Aside.*

But 'tis no matter —— I am resolv'd. ——

Y' have past your word to beare me out ? ——

Hono. I have; and will performe.

Vatin. Faith —— I have no stomack to 't.

Hono. Even as you please: the shame will be your owne;

Yea; and the loss too: the loss of such a one,

As not the Court can parralell —— tidds foote,
You'l make your selfe the common laughing
stock
To all the Pages, Lacqueys -- nay the Groomes
When they want matter to stirr up their mirth,
Will teihie out your name.
Vatin. Pages, Lacquyes, and the Groomes -----
hum ——
Hono. But, above all, *Fumante.*
(Whose heart's no bigger then a small pin's head)
From this your feare, will collect courage, and
Every minute publiquely affront you;
Whereas your letter will make him looke
Farre paler then the paper, seconded
By an undaunted Spirit.
Vatin. I marry —— there's it.
Hono. Sufficiently I've truly told you what he
is,
A meere man of March-peine; if you dare ven-
ture
On him? so: if not? and he deceave you of your
Mistress,
It concerns not me: I have discharg'd the offic:
Of a friend; thinke on't! farewell!
Vatin. Nay Sir —— I will meet him!
I'le not be beat, and laugh'd at too.
Hono. I'le want my will then —— (*Aside.*
Vatin. Yet he was a Commander, in the last
employment.
Hono. Why so might you, or any man had
money:

Desert not ever weares the Plume: he knew
There was no danger in't, yet certaine pay:
Such warres would make every faint heart
Turne souldier. Well prepare! the time draw es on.

Vativ. You'l meet at Six? I build upon your promise.

Hono. If I fail, flea me! Coraggio---- *Exeunt.*

Enter Carlo, and Jacamo at two several doores, they meet hastily, and jostle.

Carlo. Are you blind, you Buzard?

Jaca. Are you blind you Buzard?

Carlo. Is your Master at home?

Jaca. Is your Master at home?

Carlo. I have businesse with him.

Jaca. I have business with him.

Carlo. Do you mocke me? ha?

Jaca. Do you mocke me? ha?

Carlo. Yes, my Master is at home.

Jaca. Yes, and my Master is at home.

Carlo. Y' are verry pleasant, but I'le change your note.

Jaca. Say you so? then have with you. } *fight and hurt each other: then to them Hono.*

Hono. What uncivill broil is this! for shame put
Up your swords! the street's no place to quarrell in;
How fell yee out? (my honest friends)

Carlo.

Carlo. An't pleaſe your honour, I have a letter to deliver to *Vatinius*, whom this man ſerves; and fairely asking him Whether his Maſter were at home, or not? he eccho'd ſtill my words: I lov'd not to be jeer'd, and thus it grew.

Jaca. And I have another letter for *Fumante*, whom that man ſerves; I queſtion'd him a like, but jeer'd him not: yet I could do no leſs then to defend my ſelfe.

Hono. A more fit occaſion, I could not hope for ——— (*Aſide.*
That two ſuch noble ſpirits, as your ſelves,
Should ſerve ſuch worthleſs Patrones! ———
Heer's a reward ——— I love to cher- { *gives money*
riſh virtue.

Both. We are your humble vaſſalls.

Hono. Come, come, joyne hands! your buſineſs to each. (*Shake hands,*
Others Maſter caus'd this miſtake: be friends!

Both. Now we perceave it did.

Hono. And now I have a undertaking for yee, which perform'd, Ile make what I have given yee fifty piſtolls.

Both. Do but command? 'tis done.

Hono. Well; firſt performe your Patrones charge! 'tis duty: then dreſs your wounds; which are not many, nor yet mortall: and two houres hence, downe in the walkes, behind the grand palazza, meet me! where I'le inſtruct yee.

Both. We ſhall attend your Lordſhip.

Hono. Be firme, and private!

Both. As your owne thoughts, Sir --*Exit Hono.*

Carlo, Jacamo, I cry thee mercy: w'are good friends again, I'le stay for thee at *Catarina's*, where I'le spend my crown, for confirmation of our after friendship.

Iaca. And I'le not faile to meet thee instantly -

Exeunt.

Enter Rosania, and Dianetta.

Rosania. I much rejoyce to see this long wish'd alteration in your Lady: may heav'n, by a continuall addition of new comforts, confirme her joy.

Dianetta. I, with my soul, desire the same: poore Lady she doth need it.

Rosa. 'Twas much beyond my expectation (hearing the late report) to see so many decent smiles dimple her cheekes; and heare such pleasant accents flow from her long greefe-ty'd tongue.

Dian. Indeed the change was suddaine, yet for some private end, known only to her selfe; she desires a confirmation rather than contradiction, of this report.

Rosa I cannot keep so great a comfort from the Princes; but they're one soule.

Dian. How beares the duke his passion? they say he's neere distraction.

Rosa

Rosa. So pleaſe you walk, I'le tell you my opinion:
We muſt not miſse the Combat, and the houre's at hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, as in his Chamber, attended by Hono. and others.

Duke. What ſtare yee at? do yee make us your wonder?
Begon!
1. So pleaſe your Grace, ——
Duke. Yes, it doth pleaſe us, leave us!
2. Wee obey —— *Exeunt Attendants.*
Hono. I gueſs the cauſe of this diſtraction,
But muſt keepe ſeal'd my lips, untill his paſſion
Vent ſomewhat that may warrant my expreſſion:
Wherefore, thus obſcur'd, I will obſerve him ----
[*Behind the Arras*]
Duke. Can th' virgins, and their goodneſs great protecteſs,
(Sacred *Diana*,) ſuffer foule diſeaſe,
(That fatall Miniſter of certain death)
T'enthrone himſelfe, in the Majeſticke-ſeat
Of my faire's roſie-excellence, and there
(With a tyrannicke--quatefaction) threat
The ſuddaine diſſolution of ſo pure,
A vivid temple, where her honoured name
Lives with a reverentiall feare, yet not
Be mov'd to pitty? ſuch an omiſſion,
Forbid perfection! where's your wonted power?

For your own glory, make it manifeſt!
Leſt your bare Altars know no Votarie.

Hono. If the leaſt treſpaſſe done to majeſty
Be treaſon, *Hippolito's* a Traytour in the high-
eſt.

Duke. But oh----- my praye'r is ſin: All pow-
erfull love,
'Tis your divinitie Mortalitie
Thus Rivals, death's an inamorat turn'd
And wo's, to's chill embraces, a beauty
Far fairer than thy Mother, quicke let flie
A leaden headed ſhaft procuring hate
In his cold breſt! leſt his, more ready, ſhould
Prevent thy veng'ance, and deprive thee of
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice that e're inrich'd
Thy hallow'd ſhrine——ſee where the gaſtly
fiend
Sits proudly on her couch, and uncontroul'd
Sawcily courts her——(may contagion
Be thy companion! and the horrid grave
Your place to couple in!) whilſt th' afflicted
Shrinks at his grim aſpect, and turns away
From's frozen-ſalutations——now he's
mov'd
And levels at her heart——divineſt Love!
(*kneeles.*
Ceaze his deſtroying dart! and in its roome
Place thine of Gold, then wound him with his
own,
Ev'n to deſtruction! ſo ſhalt thou prove

A glorious victor, I, she, live and love.
Hono. It is, as my prophetique soul inform'd me,
And now for my discovery (*To him* *Hono.*
Duke. How durst thou interrupt our privacy?
Have we no power?
Hono. But calme that stormy brow! your grace forthwith
Shall feele the ease I bring you.
Duke. Do'st thou mean to kill me?
Hono. Perish my soul! rather then prove a harbour
For such Rebellious thoughts.
Duke. Nay I believe thee loyall; but alas
My greefes are at that height, that nought but death
Can slack them.
If thou bring'st comfort? (good *Honorio*)
My needy soul lies open to receive it. Prethee speake!
Hono. I know your griefes; and therefore come to tell you
You are abus'd, and nourish in your breast
Infection that will kill you.
Duke. Leave this abstruseneese, and be plaine!
Hono. 'Twil startle you, but your command's my warrant.
Hippolito's a Traytor, and doth wrong
The royall trust your goodneese hath repos'd

In him.

Duke. How's this! no more: y'are not a weary of

Your burdenous breath, that you thus wake our anger

Hono. Sir, what I've spoke, to th' last warme drop within me

I'le boldly justifie: nor i'st opinion,

Fond supposition, or regardlesse malice,

Poorer revenge, or hope of ayry honour,

That thus imbold'ns me, but a religious care

My pious duty hath for your Highnesse safety,

That 'tis truth; but honour my advice with your acceptance.

I will enforme your Majesty a way

Shall make your eyes, and eares my witnesses. { *To them* / *Hippolito.*

Duke. Thou should'st be honest!

Hono. When I prove otherwise, may my perfidious trunke

On the disgracefull tree, feed carrion!

Duke. I am resolv'd! waite us within; but take heed!

Hono. My All lyes on't —— (*Exit Honorio.*

Hip. *Honorio*, so intimate! I like it not (*aside.*

Duke. If he prove false, there is no faith in man;

Religion is but forme, and prayer hypocrisie

Hip. I can't expect the fruit of my laborious plots untill (*aside.*

I h've

I h've made sure *Martiano*; which now I will endeavour.
So please your Grace I have some words to speak
Will———
Duk. Trouble us: our thoughts are taken up——— (*Exit Duke.*
Hip. Is it even so?——— then———how am I chang'd
Timorous flesh———why shak'st thou!——— conscience,
I know thee too---too soone——— I'le after
And submit to gentle mercy——— but
My proud spirit rebels, and whispers me
Thou 'rt safe!——— Feare; thus I cast thee off;
My soul hath but one partner in her secrets
And he's a tryed honest knave--------I'm yet secure;
Heav'n how this bug-bear conscience did affright me *To him Fumant.*
Fumante, saw you the Duke!
Fum. He, and *Honorio*, are now in private conference.
Hip. Let your intelligence be ubiquitary!
There may be something now compounding, that
We shall not relliſh: I like not this *Honorio*---
Have you heard nought fall from him might concern
The prejudice of our affaires!
Fum. But what I told your honour touching *Pausanio.* *Hip.*

Hip. Better he had bin tongue-ty'd!
Pray let your care be waking! the time requires it—— (*Exit Hipo.*

Fum. Feare not! my gratious Lord!
What from *Vatinius*! (*Reades.*

Fumante, If our proverb be true; that sayth, there is no smoak but where ther's some fire, you should be valiant; for your denomination as well as action, denotes you to be vapour; consequently full of choller: Whether that be, or no vallour! I dispute not: our Suddaine tryall will prove the better Touch-stone. That you have affronted me, and grocely, is, and that I will be revenged for the affront, shall be, most certaine: therefore at sixe in the evening, in the grove of Sicamores, expect such fury, as provoked justice can inflict on so notorious an offender! which is (at least) death, by the hand of the injur'd and therefore enraged *Vatinius.*
I cannot doubt *Honioro*'s friendship,
I will meet him, and the hour's at hand (*Exit.*

Rosa and Dianetta, in the Musique room.

Rosa. From this balcone, we shall behold all passages.

Dian. Pray heav'ns they doe no harme!

Rosa. Hang 'hem painted parrats! they'l but prate.
But who be these?

Enter Hono, Carla, Jaco with disguizes.

Hono. Why this is all.

For

For both are so hen hearted——
That I much doubt if one dare look on th' other.
Jaca. I'le sweare for one, if t' other doe but frowne?
Carlo. And I as much for t' other.
Hono. Ther's it: then but consider th' insupportable abuse.
They've put upon the Lady, and my selfe;
Ye must confesse, yet truly, my revenge
Is too---- too---- mercifull.
Both. In truth, and so it is.
Hono. Nor shall ye pleasure me alone, but both your Patrons: when each (like a good servant) shall beat his Master's Enemy; which themselves, will be afraid to doe: besides revenge the hurts you have received; through their occasion.
Jaca. It will be rare.
Carlo. But then we lose our service.
Hono. Leave that to me! for there's the trophy of my revenge.
I'le make 'em thank yee too------
Both. That would be fine i faith?
Hono. I'le doe't-----but I hear footing.
That hedge will keep you secret { *Goe behind the Hangings.*

Enter Vatinius.

Vatin. This is the place; but no *Fumante* come:
If 'twere but possible he were more fearfull
Than my selfe, and stay away --- what honour,
I might win.

Hono.

Hono. I'le spoile your growing hopes, hum, hum, hum.

Vatin. But oh vaine hope! —— that was his voice.

Rosa. How the wretch trembles!

Vatin. My Executioner is come ——

But no *Honoria* to reprieve me *To him Fumante.*

Hono. He's come indeed!

Vatin. Would I were well at home! but ther's no flinching.

Fuman. He's yonder, and descries me: ther's no retyring, (*Aside,*

Now should *Honorio* faile? I'm lost.

Vatin. I must set a face 'ont: —— Sir, you keepe touch. (*Both draw.*

Fuman. I'm not behind the hour you prefix'd.

Vatin. Nor would I mispend time, now you are come,

You cannot but imagine the cause of this our meeting.

Fuman. Not on your part: but I come to receave.

Strict satisfaction, for disgraces, which

Your forward tongue, in the hearing of my Mistress,

(The faire *Rosania*) most unworthily.

Have put upon me.

Vatin. He meanes to fight —— (*Aside.*

Can you as well acquit your selfe, of the ignoble wrongs committed by your selfe; unworthily,

ly, 'gainſt me? as I of what you charge me with; this meeting, rather will confirme our former friendſhip, then breed farther difference.

Fuman. I'm glad 'tis come to this ----- (*Aſide.*

Honor. I'le breake that union.

Vatin. As I'm a Gentleman! -----

Roſa. Oh fearefull proteſtation!

Vatin. I ever honour'd you; wherefore could not detract.

From your deſert: then but relinquiſh claime
Unto *Roſania* (for I have her promiſe)

Roſa. Oh ſhameleſs impudence!

Vatin. And I'le remaine your ſervant.

Fuman. The firſt I credit, but the latter honour forbids.

Vatin. Then let our ſwords decide it -------- oh for *Honoria!* (*Aſide.*

Fuman. Stay! ---- a pox on my credulity! this is no Coward. (*Aſide.*

I hate theſe idle quarrells touching women.

Vatin. I hope he will compound ---- (*Aſide.*

Fuman. Not that I doubt the juſtneſs of my cauſe,

Or feare your naked ſteel: the world knows me.

Hono. Yes, for a fearefull Coxcombe.

Fuman. But that I would not kill a friend for ſuch a triffle.

Yet give I up no intereſt; but if
You'l be content with her owne verdict? we'l
Referre our ſelves to her, yet ſave our honours.

Vatin.

Vatin. 'Tis not unreasonable; agreed. ------

Enter Car: and Ja: their swords drawne, and in each other hand a cudgell; they disarme them, then shifft hands, and beate; and kicke them Ja: to Fum: Car: to Vatinius.

Hono, On! spare 'um not ———

Car: Jaca. Ye must not part so calmly.

Vatin. We are betray'd; the Guard.

Fuman. This is *Honorio's* falshood.

Carlo. Will not you yeeld your sword then?

Vatin. Yes, yes most willingly: oh, oh,

Jaca. Yee must be fighting? ----- yee shall have fighting.

Fuma:. Not wee! oh ——— I protest not we! ——— oh.

Vatin. Nay (good Sirs) it is sufficient!

Car: Jaca. Not yet ----- not yet.

Fum: Vat. Oh, oh, oh ---- mercy Gentlemen!

Jaca. My toes are wearied.

Carlo. So are my armes.

Vatin. I'm sure my backe parts are ——— (*Aside.*

Jaca. Wee yet dare hardly trust yee in one roome;

Yee must be severally imprison'd.

Fum: Vat. Imprison'd? *To them Hono.*

Carlo. Yes: know yee not, that 'tis gainst law to fight a duell?

Vatin.

Vatin. Oh my good lord, unleſs you now be-
friend us,
We muſt to priſon.
Hono. Then yee have fought?
Vatin. Not we.
Fum. Yet have bin ſoundly beaten.
Hono. Truſt me, I could come no ſooner, but for
a ſmall
Matter I'le undertake to free ye from theſe Catch-
dolts.
Fum. Wee'l give any reaſonable conſideratio-
on.
Vatin. Yea, and thank 'em too; ſo we eſcape.
Hono. I'e motion't to 'em: they are of my ac-
quaintance. *They whiſper,*
Roſa. Dianetta, let us deſcend! and laugh at
'em.
Jaca. My Lord you may command us.
Hono. I muſt acknowledge it a Courteſy.
I have prevail'd; for too double piſtolls, yee are
free:
But you muſt take it for a favour too.
Vatin. Oh by all meanes.
Fuman. There's, Gentlemen, for each 20 good
quadruples,
With many thanks ——— *Enter Ladies.*
Roſ: Dian. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Vatin. The Lady's ---- oh for a charitable
halter! (*Aſide.*
Fuman. Now could I wiſh my ſelfe, any thing
but my ſelfe (*Aſide.* *Roſa.*

Rosa. Nay, never hang the head ! your insolence hath
Well deserv'd it : and now my verdict :
I hate yee both, as do the Scoti a py'd-Protimyst ;
And this is my election —— [*Salutes Honoria.*
Vatin. Is it even so ? then hang the head indeed!
Why we are both deceav'd.
Hono. What think you now of kissing her white hand ? *To Fumante.*
You more then think she loves you.
Rosa. Ha, ha, ha, ha,
Dian. No more my Lord ; I pitty the poore Gentlemen.
Vatin. She should be free, because pitti—— full. (*Aside.*
I'le trie her constitution.
Hono. I should have done my selfe, what these tall
Men have perform'd for me ; but I knew they
Would use yee more gently ---- know yee your tormentors ? *Discovers Car : Jac.*
Fuman. Carlo ?
Vatin Jacamo ?
Car : Ja. The very same :
Fum. Vatin. Oh our shame!
Hono. I see you are truly penitent ; if now,
Yee but assent to what I shall propound,
Wee'l hide your equall shames in privacy.
Fum. Vatin. As you are noble ?

Hono.

Hono. Upon my honour.

Fum: *Vat.* Bee't what it will we both consent.

Hono. Receave then into grace again your servants!

They are stout fellows, and what each hath done,
Hath bin but for his Patrone.

Car: *Jaca.* Wee humbly thank your Lordship.

Fum. Vat. We pardon both; and beg the like of yee.

Hono. Yee have it; and hereafter be more carefull
Of your honour! then y' are well.

Rosa. And pray remember that it still hath bin
An approv'd *Maxim*, shame will follow sin. *Exeunt.*

Desinit Actus Tertius

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke solus, in habit of a Fryer.

Duke. THis seeming-sanctity couzens the world
As did the soft words that (with power) fell
From the smooth tongue of that false Traytour, Me.
I walke invisible to any's knowledge,
And (through *Honorio*'s counsell) have discover'd

Treasons, which my too charritable faith
Could never have receav'd for truth; if not
My selfe confirm'd the certaine witness?
Ingratefully-presumptious-Man,
If thy sublime thoughts throw thee from that hight
Where my deceav'd love plac'd thee? may thy fall
Live a preventive-patt'rne with thy folly
For th' age to come! thou art worth no mans pitty. *Shout with in, sound drum and*
What meane these loud, and suddaine acclamations? *Trumpet. To him Hono.*

Hono. Martiano, and the heire of Sicillie,
With hostile troupes, invaded have the towne;
The castle's, by *Ausonius*, yeelded up
To farther their designe: with them take part,
Th' inconstant Cittyzens, whose forward fayth,
Rul'd by their strong perswasions, much doth doubt
The justness of *Pausanio*'s banishment,
And have resolv'd remission of his doome:
Disorder throngs the streets; yet no bold-hand,
Mannaging the rude sword, dare disobey
Its brave Commanders noble charge, but all
Enjoy their owne with quiet: the spatious Court,
With every narrow-cantone, only is
Examin'd for your person, by the Gennerall;
Who greeves for your escape: *Hipolito.*
(The cheefest Agent in this proud attempt)

Is

Is of their bosome counsell, and (I feare)
Intends a farther mischiefe --- what's to be done?
Duke. My joyes are yet above my griefes; and I
Bless gratious heav'n (zealous of its owne glory)
That destin'd thee the pious instrument
To guard me from their malice: 'tis apparent
The Gods take part with us, whose purer wills
Abhorre the opposition of humane
Policy: wherefore, in this disguize,
I'le live obscur'd, untill that Industrie
Have satisfi'd my curiosity, in all particulars.
Hono. It cannot but be safe.
Duke What? *Lucebella* takes me for no other,
Then Padre *Stephano*, my reverend Confessour?
Hono. She, and your Princely sister, still remaine
In that desir'd errour.
Duke. 'Tis well: hath she not yet seene her rebellious brother?
Hono. Not yet.
Duke. 'Tis fit that we be present at their meeting. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sica. Mart: Hipol: Leon. Auso. Fum. Souldiers, Cittyzens. { *Drumme beates a March within.*

Sicanio. Silence the noise of that disturbing-drumme!
And not a souldier, upon paine of death,
Exceed our given Commission! we intend
No less then honour warrants. --- *Exit Lecntinus.*
Cittyzens. 'Tis noble as your selfe.

Sicanio. Having, by *Martiano*, understood
The reall cause of our just undertaking;
It must appear impertinent, to trouble
Your Wise eares, with needless repetition:
Wherefore (assur'd of your full satisfaction)
Each may depart, unto his peacefull home,
And there, (without the least suspitious thought)
Possess what fate hath given him.

Cittyzens. Long live *Sicanio!* [*Enter Leontine.*]

Martiano. Grave Cittyzens, and loving Countrimen,
We seek not furtive spoile, or thirst for blood;
Nor shall th' ill tutour'd souldier, 'fore your faces,
Force your deare wives; but each injoy his spouse
As he was wont: the untouch'd virgin may
Yet sleepe securely, and not feare a rape;
For not the meanest man, among these many,
But vallues honour above sinfull gaine;
Rest satisfi'd with this, and all retyre
Unto your proper dwellings! but, withall,
Pray be retentive of those burd'nous wrongs
Your good old Generall (who hath hug'd danger,
To purchase your dear safetys) now's oppress with:
And if our mildness, with your justice meet,
The Warrs are ended, and yee most discreet.

Cittyzens. *Martiano*, shall have justice, *Martiano* shall have justice. *Exeunt-Cittyzens.*

Mart. To each my equall thanks.

Enter.

Enter Ja; Luceb: Duke, Hono. Rosanio, Dianetto.

Auso. See friend, the Princesse. and your Sister } *Mart. kisses Julia's hand and Salutes Luceb.*

Sicanio. Should my discourteous fate deny my heart
Admittance; yet my dazl'd eyes have leave
Freely to wonder, though my prophane thoughts
Cannot conceive the excellence dwells there.
Surely divinity hath chose residence
With fraile mortality, for all the vertues
Poets have stellifi'd, at once, shine there:
She approaches ——— *Martiano*, have you the
Honour to call this beautious Lady, Sister?

Mart. Royall Sir, I have.

Sicania. I sweare thou 'rt happy! happy beyond expression!
I'm lost in midst of conquest ——— (*Aside.*

Julia. A goodly Gentleman! ——— (*aside.*

Sicanio. First (fairest sweetnesse) let my rude Salute
Expresse the fervent zeale I had to serve you;
Lest you, with thanks anticipate, what was but duty. (*Kisses Luceb.*
The Phœnix boiles with Wormwood----all Odours
Aromaticall breathe there. (*aside.*

Mart. Sir, the Princess.

Sicanio. Madam, if that my misplac'd sallutationshave

Deserv'd your hard construction? think upon
Your equall glories! and the thought thereof
Will reconcile the errour to your favour.

Julia. Great Sir, it was but justice; therefore needs no Apology: (*aside.*
If that my jealous feares prove true? her eyes
Already have exhal'd his melting heart,
And, left behind, my ruine.

Mart. Father, at more convenience,
We shall desire farther conference;
Till when, let the pure truth, I've utter'd win
A creditable room in your opinion.
For by my fixed hope of future blisse!
My thoughts were all innocuous.

Duke. Enough; and so were his. I kept the Key,
That open'd, to my view, the treasury
Of his rich soul; have search'd th' intrinsik'st part thereof,
But never found a sin so damnable, lodg'd there:
You'l find he is abus'd. (*aside.*

Hip. This Fryar may worke much mischiefe,
If not timely prevented!

Luceb. Royall Sir, { *Duke gives a sealed* } The high summ'd { *Parchment to Hippolito,* } debt, due to your { *he reads, then shews it.* } noble goodnesse,
Greatly exceeds all language, or acquittance;
All I can pay your bounty, is true thanks,
Sent from an humble heart devoted to

Your

Your Princely vertue, those I'le bring you dayly;
Nor shall I doubt of your faire acceptation,
Since the pleas'd gods expect no other offering
For the large-all-they lends us.

Sicanio. 'Tis the voyce of some sweet tongu'd Cherubin
My sense is blest with! ——— Gratious Madam, deigne
Me but the glorious title of your servant
And the reward's past merit.

Lucch. I shall be proud to be your highnes hand-maid.

Julia. Oh, who would not! (*aside*
I feele the pangs of tyrant love already.

Sicanio. And (beautious madam) though we came with power *To Julia.*
(Expecting opposition) threatning ruine;
Banish all thought of feare! for the sharpe poynts
Of our yet peacefull swords, shall vulnerate
Each one his owners brest, before disturb
Your quiet; we brought with us, love link'd with Resolution; and were your brother here?
He were as freely safe from outward harme,
As where he is; though plac'd within the Altar.

Duke. He hath a noble soule. (*aside.*

Julia Your power is great indeed: but if you bring
Love to associate it? I find no cause

Why I should doubt or feare.
My jealousie imboldn'd me beyond civility——
But it hath eas'd my heart. (*aside.*
'Tis the Dukes character and Signet how came you by it? { *Mart. Auso. Hono. Fum.*
Duke. Himselfe, it seems, did on set purpose leave it
Upon my study table: when he came
Last to confession.
Hip. Gentlemen, examine it no farther! but elect
Among yee one more fit! it is too great
An undertaking, for so weak a man
As my unable selfe: alas's (my lords)
My humble thoughts, accompanied with quiet,
Doe tremble-look at soverainty, nor would
They be intreig'd it'h great affaires of state:
But in the private contentation they
Doe now enjoy, would period their date
Fumante. Uds will, don't refuse it! would 'twere proffer'd me! (*Aside.*
Hip. *Martiano, Ausonius, Honorio,* none but's more fit
Then I.
The Dukes command must be obey'd. { *Mart. Auso Hono. Fum.*
Hip. Will no perswasions take place?
Beare witnesse heav'n, with what unwillingnesse
I doe receive this enforc'd honour!
Duke. Finely dissembled—— (*Aside.*

All

All. Long live Hippolito—— (*Flourish.*

Hip. My thanks to all : and ſince it is my fate
To undergoe this glorious yoke, I ſhall
Endeavour by the purchaſe of your loves,
To make't ſeeme light. What's now amiſſe 'ere long
Shall have redreſſe.
Meane while, let our beſt entertainment ſpeak
This royal ſtrangers welcome. { *Exeunt Omnes ſed Dux.*

Sicanio. Your nobleneſſe endeares us.

Duke. As Miſers in a phantaſm, enjoy
A maſſe of goodly treaſure, upon which
Their fond imaginations do feed, untill
The ſleepy-God (diſpos'd to mock their hopes)
Unlock their abus'd-ſenſes; when awak'd
And miſſing their ſuppoſ'd-- poſſeſſion, they
Do greeving-wiſh that their deluded fancies
N'ere had fabrick'd ſo brave a guilded-Nothing
So thy ſhort dreame of dignity expir'd
(Vaine glorious man) thou'lt repent the ſuſception;
When thou, too late, ſhalt wiſh thy winged thoughts
Had flown at lower diſtance, and not dar'd
A flight ſo neere the beames of Majeſtie.
This condeſcended power, can't but prove
The temper of his mind; and if I find

His

His inclination close with my great doubt,
I must appeare my selfe, and roote him out—— { *Exit Duk.*

Enter Vatinius solus.

Vat. A reasonable man, would think I had bin beaten sufficiently, to make my rampant flesh lie couchant: I'le be sworne there's scarse roome left for a single solde, about my body, of its native hew, but all's soffisticated by th' abusive cudgel, and yet all will not doe——I have an extreame itching to be mounting some Court Madam, and (above the rest) *Dianetta*, whose late compassion promis'd very fairely, were't but effected; were quit with my poetique rival, I have resolv'd to trye the encounter, and first, I'le prove her temper with rich presents; which grac'd by her reception, accesse must follow——however, 'tis but disgesting of a denyall--or (at worst) another beating; which, when a man's once us'd to, seems nothing: and see where luckely she comes oh for this winning language. *To him Dianetta.*
Lady if my requeste come not unseasonable,
I shall importune your seeming hast t' afford
Me some few minutes conference.

Dian. For present, pray excuse me! my affairs are now important.

Vatin. I shall awaite your leisure,

Mean

Mean time, so please your goodnesse to enrich
This poore gemme, by your wearing; the donatour
Will hold himselfe much honour'd, and remaine
The humblest of your Creatures.

Dian. It were discourtesie (kind Sir) to slight
So free a proffer; and although I hold
My selfe incapable of merrit; yet
I Question not the worth of you the giver,
But shall retaine it till convenience shall
Acquaint me with your further pleasure——

(*Exit Dianetta.*

Vatin. She must be mine! though gon, I feel her comming *Exit Vatin.*

Enter Hipolito solus.

Hipol. Th' aboundant joyes my almost fated brest
Conceives for this unlook'd for greatnesse, swels
My jocund heart to such a boundlesse height
That the stretch'd strings would crack, if 'twere not for
This private vent? Courteous stars I thank yee!
Nor will I easily part with your free gift,
No, no, 'tis of too great a price: what can
Be more contentive then supreamacie?
To have such numerous payres of servile eyes
Attend our nod! as many plyant knees,
Bow at our beck! officious feet to move
With swiftest pace to execute our will!
And the whole court, in competition, for

Our

Our coveted regard! ha? ist not brave?
I faith it is! once more (kind stars) I thank yee!
And then to steere the helme of the great state,
What course we shall think fit, or throw down
Or raise, when, whom we please can there be bliss
On earth exceeds this? Liberall Fate,
Still I must thank thy bounty——Now the way
To keep in this blest state——(for 'tis esteem'd.
No less policy to preserve then purchase)
Must be the *Dukes* remove; which might be done
With safety, and facility, could I learn
Out his abode? which promises may win
From his late confessor (for ther's hypocrisie
Even in sanctity) whom I must employ
In other weighty matters, which if fate (*Exit.*
Prosper for heav'n, I scarce would change estate

Duke. However, her profession, hitherto,

Enter Duke and Julia.

Speaks her so much your friend, that I believe
When she shall know, by me, 'tis in her power
To further this your love; her gratitude
(Consulting with her noblest thoughts) will counsell
Her brave soule, rather to dye Loves Martyr,
Then live esteem'd ingratefull.

Julia. That were a cruel kindnesse——Reverend Sir,
Be but memorative of what I've told you!
And 'tis sufficient——— (*Exit Julia.*

Duke. Poor *Julia!* we're ally'd by 'our hard fortunes

Well

Well as bloud; nor doe the cauſes differ, you
Purſuing, with a furious love, my rivall
And I yours; yet neither's zeale reſpected.
Ther's yet away to prevent all——the Prince----
To him Sicanio and Martiano
Mart. Will not your grace acquaint me with your griefe?
'Tis not impoſſible, but I may eaſe you.
Sican. Thou mighſt do much indeed!
Mart. Why? doe you doubt my faith?
Then I conjure you, by thoſe many vows
So freely made to me of conſtant friendſhip, to diſcloſe
Your troubled thoughts! leſt I juſtly ſuſpitious
That my beſt deeds have found no credit with you;
Do, with this deſperate poynt, rip up my breſt
For you to find the errour.
Sican. It ſhall not need; I know it full of worth;
But oh——thy Siſter——thy Siſter, *Martiano*----
Mart, What of her?
Sican. I love thy beautious Siſter; whoſe election
I fear hath promis'd future happyneſs
To ſome one more deſerving.
Mart. Your equall breathes not.
Sican. Yes.
Mart. Who?
Sican. *Hipolito*: and now you know the very cauſe, aſſiſt Me

Me with your powerfull intercession!
I cannot doubt successe.
Mart. Sir, she's at her own dispossall; nor am I
Versed in the soft way of amorous courtship,
A sword, and horse have ever bin my minnions:
Yet what the priviledge of a brother, joyn'd
With honest plainenesse, way perswade her to,
Be full assur'd; shall not be wanting. So
I humbly take my leave *Exit Mart.*
Sican. If she consent? ———
Duke. She doubly sins.
Sican. Gainst whom? and how?
Duke. Heav'n and her friends.
Sican. Be charitable (holy father) and
Delay not your resolves!
Duke. Divinity not curiosity,
Made me partakers of your privacie
Whereby I h've heard your real tongue confirme
What I foreknew a truth, your ardent love
To the faire *Lucebella* ——— but alas
My pious plainenesse (should I utter what
Religion prompts me to) could not but meet
(So fragil's wilfull man) contempt and malice.
Wherefore the breath I'de thought to have employed
In satisfying your demand, I'le spend
In prayers to heav'n, that you may shun the mischiefe
Unlawfull love suggests you to, and place
Your purg'd affection on the glorious object
Fate

Fate hath provided for you.

Sican. Oh leave me not unsatisfi'd! to doubt,
Will more afflict my troubl'd soul, than all
That you can utter: and (grave Sir) so much
Am I an enemy to those twin'd sins you mention'd,
That what e're falls from your lips
I shall beleeve oraculous: be free,
In your expression! whilst I give your words,
A willing, faithfull hearing.

Duke. They will concerne your soules eternall quiet;
For he that seekes to separate those hearts
Heav'n hath united, sins beyond all hope
Of sweet remission. Noble Sir, call backe
Your fruitless, cause misplac'd, affection!
Forth' absent *Duke*, and *Lucebella* have
Exchanged mutuall vowes, (which live recorded
Above the clouds) and fix your deserv'd love
On her, that mournes for you to th' prejudice,
Of expetible health! who, priz'd below
Her worth, is still her rivalls equall --- 'tis ——
Though I have no Commission (but what
Our holy order bound to further good,
Doth warrant) to disclose this secret,
Th' incomparable Princess *Julia* ——
But you seeme troubl'd?

Sican. Where ther's no power to helpe, respon-
sive greefe,
Shewes friendly: —— But, reverend Man,
your charity Deludeth

Deludeth your too facile-faith, the *Duke*
Lov'd her ignobly, which provoak'd her brother
(Tender of her dear honour) to a rage
His fathers sufferings could not tempt him to;
And drew from her an everlasting hate:
Iv'e heard their tongues confirme it.
Duke. But that religion bounds my ready lippes,
A killing curse would issue forth, and ceaze
Upon the cause of this foul scandall —— Sir,
The *Duke* made me familiar with his thoughts,
The thoughts most dear to him: believe't he is abus'd;
I know't.
Sican. I nor condemne nor justifie; yet shall
(Upon your affirmation) repute
The duke still truly noble: for the rest,
I shall with more deliberate thoughts consider,
What may be most expedient; affayres
Of so great consequence, aske not a suddaine,
But well weigh'd resolve. Father farewell! ——
Exit Sicanio.

Duke. Holy Angels guard you!
How is the goodness of a gracious Prince
Abus'd through easy-confidence? those men
Our favours most reflect on, are the first.
Revolt from their profession, and rebell
Against their second makers: faithless Age!
Direct me heav'n in the best course, whereby,
I may repair my bleeding honour, and

O're

O're my detractours get the upper hand --- *Exit.*

Enter Rosania and Dianetta.

Dian. I tell thee seriously his importunity
Did almost weary me; and, but to promise
Success to his desires, I'de no way left
To shake him off.

Rosan. In faith, it may impaire your credit;
For he will brage ont'.

Dian. He shall have no such cause, as I intend to handle him: and see, he keepes as constant to me as my shaddow. { *To them* *Vatin.*

Rosan. Well, I'le leave you ——— *Exit.*

Vatin. Lady, why do you seeke to starve my hungry hopes.
By cruell tardity? mine is no suite in law
(Though't hath dependance in the Common Pleas)
Brookes not protraction; my desire hath
A greedy-stomack; and the quick performance
Of your past promise, only can afford
Satiety: speake then some comfort (deerest)

Dian. Ah ——— but my honour.

Vatin. An aery word, quite out of fashion

Dian. But then yee men are so inconstant ------

Vatin. Contract all hearts together, and you shall
Find, in this one, the quintessence extracted,
Which I thus sacrifize unto your beauty ---- *kiss.*
Speake then, Lady; oh when? and where? the

happy time? the blessed place? when, Lady? oh when? and where?

Dian. This Evening; my lodging.

Vatin. Confirme it with a kiss! —— *kiss.*

Dian. But you'l be talking on't, to you Companions?

Vatin. Let me be guelded then! In such a case, I would not trust my Confessour.

Dian. Well, at the hour convenient, I'le send you notice
By a trusty Messenger: till when, farewell!

Vatin Since the engagement of your noble word.
I can not doubt performance: Lady, your hoping servant. *Exeunt.*

Enter Julia, and Lucebella.

Luceb. Madame, should I deny what you have urg'd!
My guilty tongue would speake a falsehood, that
My purer heart abhorrs: I must confess,
I love *Sicanio*; but not beyond
Those limets, which strict modesty allows
Severest Maids, or holy writ doth warrant.

Julia. They're too too large.

Luceb. I apprehend your feares: Madame, be pleas'd
To entertaine this serious truth with joy!
Although the Prince be full of merrit, and

The

The man, to whose free goodnesse all our house,
So deeply stands engag'd; though gratitude,
And th' daily mediation of a brother,
With the authoriz'd love to my own good,
Strive to perswade my yet unwilling heart
To meet his noble flame: the constant zeale
I've vow'd to your sweet friendship reprehends
My too forgetfull thoughts, and challenges
A duty from me link'd with detriment,
Which, thus, I pay your virtue: I've resolv'd
(And to that purpose have return'd him answer)
Rather to purchase, with my death, your peace;
Then live a Princess, to disturbe your quiet.

Julia. Thy unexampl'd goodness, *Lucebella*,
Strikes me with admiration; yet begets
A thought-distracting doubt that makes me poor
For all the wealth of thy so precious love.

Luceb. If you suspect my true sincerity!
I will confirme it with a righteous oath;

Julia Oh wrong not my beliefe? alas despaire,
Of making thee amends, 'tis true, obliges me ----
But the duke my brother must do that office for me.

Luceb. There you make me sad – but —— and yet I should
Be glad to see him: do you think the duke is well?

Julia. His Confessour hath so assur'd me: who alone,
Knows of his residence: besides,
Sayes he will shortly come, and clare himselfe

Of the dishonour put upon him, touching thee.

Luceb. Pray heav'n he may! however I forgive him *Exeunt.*

Enter Sicanio.

Sicanio. There goes the faire occasion of my soul's greefe:
Poore Bankrupt Nature, woe that large expence,
Of thy rich store to prove more pittifull!
If not for mine, yet for thine owne sake beg
That thy impoverish'd stocke may be supply'd
Agen, from her, with plenty; lest after-births,
Produce deformity;
And Cytherea (thou whose tender heart
Hath sadly sob'd as mine, when a like touch'd
By cold disdaine) entreat thy tyrant son
To shew to me such mercy, as thy selfe,
In th'like necessity, expected! so
Shall thy sacred Altars smoake with incense,
Mirrhe mix'd with Myrtle berries, and the choice
Of whitest Turtles: where as Mortalls wounded,
And not regarded, growne to despaire, neglect,
Your ceremonious-rites, pull downe, and trample
On your holy Altars ——— *Exit.*

Enter Duke and Hipolito.

Duke. Y^e had a fowle soule indeed.
But son, Beware that your repentance be
More then formall; for 'tis no dallying with
Just heav'n; whose searching eye discovers all
The hidden secrets of mans heart: you may deceave The

The blinded world, and your deare ſoul, but oh
The irrecoverable loſs is yours.
Therefore be ſure y' are ſerious! fate's decree
Can't be deluded by hypocriſy
Hipol. I cannot blame your diffidence, my life
Hath bin ſo ſinfull: but your doctrine of
Sure mercy, upon true contrition, hath
Wrought from my ſoft'ned heart a pious greefe
Will purge it from pollution-holy man,--(*Weeps.*
Theſe are no feigned droppes, but reall teares——
I've bin exceeding ſinfull, and they muſt
Fall faſter yet.
Duke. My fooliſh pitty, ſhould I ſtay, would tempt
My juſtice to forgive him —— *Aſide.*
Sonne, this ſorrow doth rejoyce me; yea, and heav'n.
Who's pleas'd with your converſion: I muſt attend.
The Veſpers, but my prayers ſhall ſtill waite on you.
Sonne be conſtant —— *Exit.*
Hipol. Elſe may I faile of mercy!
Away diſſembl'd greefe, I muſt forget you!
This Fryer's no other then his habit ſpeakes him,
Religious. I've ſounded his deep thoughts,
And find his faith firme to his Maſter: heav'n,
That I could ſay ſo of my ſelfe! ---- but 'tis too late.
No matter —— and though't be death.

To him shall blabbe the secrets of confession,
I was too rash in my communication;
A smooth insinuating tale may cut,
My secure throat, when I least dreame of danger:
Which to prevent, because, he's fit for heav'n,
I'le find him out the neerest way —— the meanes,
Fumante. —— so the rigour of the law,
Sends him the other way; and I rest safe:
'Tis a good plot! and a bad Age to trust
One's life, and honour in another's keeping;
And my hand in-I'le thorough-stitch with the rest
My maine Projection prospers not: her heart,
Continew's cold as glaciated snow
On the bleake Euxine Promounts: nor can I
Perceive a signe of change; my rivalls are
Too powerfull —— I must forget her too--but not revenge---
My love of late is growne ambitious,
And aimes at the faire Princess -- ha? —— that done,
(And I despaire not but it shall) I were,
Beyond the reach of malice, free from feare - *Exit.*

Enter Vatin and an old Crone.

Vatin. A message unto me requiring hasty answer?
My faire threescore- and twelve - what i'st?

Crone. Faire an't shall like you, but not yet full threescore till come the day of innocents, when I, and my late dead husband (peace be with his bones!)

bones!) were borne: he priz'd this face indeed, and term'd it faire, and oft (full of desire) with speaking touches, would bewray his fondnesse --- thus; then in my bosome, and, here was well but when a pidling with ——— my double chin: a kind poore fool it was! and then his lips (wearied in my due praise) would crave refreshment on the red velvet pallet of my soft cheeks, which I (kind as himselfe) must give him thus -- and thus -- which he receav'd [*kisses him.* with such voracity, that in the end it kil'd him.

Vatin. Another will kill me -- she hath a breath loathsomely-strong as the corrupted suncke of a dead-horse-fed-hound ——— (*Aside.* but to the matter!

Crone. A lass extreames in any thing are hurtfull: yet (as they say) though he is not, my widdowhood hath youthfull friends; such as not thinke my, yet passable face, and yeares contemptible ——— A Fort, cause antient, 's not to be forsooke; whilst stored with munition -- I'm able yet for service.

Vatin. Pike-proofe I'le warrant thee:
I meane thy hide ——— (*Aside.*

Crone. Yea, and chaine-shot proofe too -- and may
Content a reasonable man.

Vatin. I shall make tryall of thee: but to th' point.

Crone. Shall you? you'l find me mettle to the

backe: and though my eyes be no twinn'd-suns, as be young *Dianetta*'s; you may see babies there, that (as they say) may take you.

Vatin. This palsi'd tongue will ne're lin shakeing. (*Aside.*

Crone. And I dare wage the profit of my present Employment, that when, you have tri'd us both, Your selfe shall say I've pleas'd the better.

Vatin. A bawd I thinke.
My able faire one do you belong to *Dianetta*?

Crone I am the private entry through which you safely may walke unto your desires; indeed the very key that opens to successe.

Vatin. I apprehend you, and will be your friend:
Heeres an earnest of it.

Crone. The first I do accept: nor will I refuse. { *Gives money.*
The last coming from you: —— well, 'tis,
The prettiest bashfull bable, as e're man
Play'd with: she'l shew you sport ifaith: although
At first (as Maidens should) she seem'd unwilling;
Nor need I tell you how she dotes on you, this
Night will give you a full satisfaction.

Vatin. But how, and where?

Crone. Your way must be through me -- I'le be Your Convoy.

Vatin. With all my heart: lead on?

Crone. But use the youngling gently! or you may

may ſpoile her gate : which will give vild indition to ſome about the Court, as wanton as your ſelfe, and then you know her honour. ——

Vatin. It ſhall not looſe a graine : come let's goe.

Crone. They ſay, the quickly hot, are quickly coold : ——

But come —— you are even ſuch another -----

Vatin. Well, have a little patience, anon ——

Crone. Well, I conceave -- but looke you do.

Vatin I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

Deſinit Actus Quartus

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke and Luceb : having diſcloſed himſelfe.

Duke. THe deareſt thought within me will not dare.
T' attempt a farther ſatisfaction ——
Now (my too credulous faire) I hope you ſee,
What a Commanding power you have o're me
Had I bin ſinfull ? then ——

Luceb. Good Sir, no more.
This iteration but aggravates
My ſorrow ; heav'n, for blacke iniquity,
Expects but true compunction : which pad,

It's

It's justice is appeas'd: then be not you
Less mercifull, neglecting these my teares,
Shed for my misbeleefe! indeed I'm now
All confidence, if you dare credit me?

Duke. Before an Oracle!
Then spend not so profusely those rich droppes!
The least of which is treasure to redeeme
A captiv'd king.

Luceb. Yet all too little to call home agen a banish'd father.

Duke. Oh be more pittifull! and not torment
My penitent remembrance! you have read,
The inside of my soule, could you beleeve
The character? and know my new intents.

Luceb. With the same strength of faith you have of me, I do.

Duke. Enough: I am confirm'd.
Life of my joy, for a too long short season,
I must entreat your pardon; you know th' occasion.

Luceb. You cannot be too quick in your dispatch.
Nor yet too carefull of your person, for
The villain's made of mischeefe,

Duke. I'm much endebted to your carefull love

Luceb. You'l not forget Sir, what I urg'd for my ——

Duke. I gues your doubt: no,
I'le looke upon thy brother, as a brother;
As part of thee, — part of my better selfe;

He

He may have ground for his bold act, for since
Hipolito's found false in one, I must suspect his faith,
In all things ——— your leave *kisses.*
I'm yet but language, therefore can but seeme
Clear'd of what charg'd with; but when next we meet
My accuser shall acquit me, and you see't ———
(*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicania, and Leontinus.

Leon. But Sir, the man that's rationall must know
Advisednesse to be a friend unto
A great designe, and patience the maine help,
Either resolve to stay her father's answer,
Embrace the princes love (by farre the fitter)
Or else hoist saile homeward.

Sican. Your advice comes now unseasonable:
I've eat Lotus, and cannot live but heere;
Nor love, but her.

Leon. Yet wisely moderate these extreames!
You perceive distemper gives occasion
Of too much liberty to the neglectfull souldier,
Which breeds in th' army inconvenience!
You came with resolution to serve
A brave deserving friend, then doe not let
A thought for your owne private end, detract
From your intended nobleness! but arme
Your royal selfe with commendable patience

Until

untill desir'd successe crown your endeavours ?
'Twill ad unto your vertue.
Nor can it but be suddaine, hourely
Pansanio is expected, whose arrive
Will make you happy : nor have you least cause
Thus to afflict your selfe, she never yet
Having return'd deniall.
But as a sweet example of obedience,
Judgement, and modesty humbly crave respit
Till her absent father (at whose dispose she is)
Came, and consented. Good my Lord be cheere-
full !
This unnecessary sadnesse makes us all droope.
Sican. Though't be against my humour
(*Leontinus*)
You shall sway me, I know you wise, and faith-
full.
Leon. I would be both——but look, your
friends—— *To them Mart. Auso.*
Sican. Martiano, those unaccustom'd frowns
Speak discontent——the matter ?
Auso. His father's slow pac'd-haste (my gra-
tious Lord.)
Deceaving his too early expectation,
Makes him much doubt his welfare.
Sican. Come, come, be feareless ! Fate will
be more just,
Having prepar'd him so great happinesse,
Than't keep the enjoyment from him.
Mart. 'Tis my cheefe hope ; and yet it trou-
bles

bles me.
For ſhould the Duke (and 'tis no idle feare)
Obtaine from *Genoua*, or *Naples* power,
And ſteale upon our weakn'd forces (of late
Grown careleſſe) want of his ſupply would ſtrike
A gaſh in our deſigne, and ſhrewdly puzzel us
Sican. Not a whit: come be your ſelfe agen!
We're ſtrong enough: yet ſee the idle Souldiers (*To Leon.*
Exerciſed dayly to prevent emanſions,
And keep our ſcouts abroad continually.
Martiano, away with all ſad thoughts,
And let's enjoy our ſelves:
Mart. Your highneſſe mirthfull inclination
Muſt make the ſaddeſt here rejoyce
Auſo. 'Tis manly and becomes him.
Sican. Oh---- that it were not forc'd! (*aſide.*
We 're all th' invited gueſt of Lord *Hipolito*,
Let's thither and quaffe a luſty draught unto
Pauſanio: what iſt a match!
All. Moſt willingly. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke.

Duke. Heare in this quiet grove, I did appoynt

Honorio

Honorio to meet me: till his approach,
Upon this flowry banke; I will repose my selfe. *To him Fum.*

Fum. I've tract the Fryar hither, and have sworne
To kill him; but were he not a churchman,
I should not undertake him----and yet I've heard
Of some that have bin dangerous——and see how
Handsomely he's laid for my black purpose-----
So lie's the harmelesse issue of the ewe
A prey for the voracious woolfe.
I could not take him better prepar'd then praying
But stay! he stirres.

Duke. If that my sense deceav'd me not, I heard
One speak? or 'twas the voyce the wind gave to the leaves.
Honorio?

Fum. Di' you expect company? then I must be brief. *Runs at the Duke, who with a Pistol shoots him, his Sword falls, the Duke takes it up.*
You may tell tales in th' other world, not here.

Duke. You are deceiv'd: I'le be as briefe as you

Fum. Oh----I am slaine.

Duke. Not yet I hope; but yet be sure you shall be!

Fum.

Fum. You cannot be so cruell!

Duke. Canst thou expect the contrary after so great
A Villainy!

Eum. Your pious forme speaks you religious,
And that is shewn in nothing more then mercy.

Duke. Then by that saving mercy you implore;
And th' hope you have t' obtaine it; let your breath;
(Your now expiring-breath) aid your faint tongue
In the delivery of an honest truth
May merrit my forgivenesse, and please heav'n;
Whither y' are going, if the devill doe
Not tempt you the wrong way?

Fum. Oh——— *To them Honorio.*

Hono. What hideous groane was that?

Fum. Honorio? then am I safe——— (*aside.*

Duke. My Lord y' are opportunely come to be
A witnesse to the true confession of
This desperate sinner, whose sick soul o're-charg'd
With hellish mischiefe thought to vent it here.
He would have murder'd me.

Honorio. Unheard of insolence!

Fum. Lessen your admiration! I'le answer the attempt.

Duke. Speak soulelesse villaine, who set you on worke! Or

Or if you have a soule, I'le kill that too.
Hono. Father, forbeare!
Leave it to me, Sir, I know a better way——— *aside.*
The thought of death will fright him:
I feare your wound is mortall.
See how his frighted bloud flies from his face,
And leaves behind it paleneſſe! let's remove
Him to my neighbouring lodgings, where he shall
Want nothing that may make for his recovery.
The ayre, so late, is hurtfull: Father your hand-
He bleeds a fresh, and fast: let us dispatch———
So——So.
Fum. I doe begin to faint: charitable Sir, forgive me!
Duke. I do, and shall with my best prayers invoke
The gods forgiveneſſe for you
Hono. It shall be given out, y' have slaine the Fryer,
And marke the sequel——— *Exeunt*

Enter Vatinus *in a wastcoate, drawers, and night Cappe, them, and his face besmutted.*

Vatin. I was never so abus'd since I was swadl'd, have I liv'd to th' eye of the world thus long *Rosa & Diana behind the hangings.*

long unspotted? and now (through my own folly) must appear thus besmeared? did I 'scape going to the grave my last rash undertaking, to be sent up in th' ayre, like a cas'd bladder; and let fall again that my posteriours rebounded? then footed too, by halfe a dozen hard toe'd Rascalls that had no more mercy then the clowns hobnail'd Shunne have of a foot ball, when they play a match? to be tost (like an unhappy Cat) in a foule menstruous blanket wool'd with fleas, which the wise mother of the Maids, thirty yeares since, for her two fold accommodation, plac'd in the garret to purifie the guilded brimms of the close stoole pan, and keep smalecole in, to kindle the Ladyes fire with: was that your glorious coverlid to entertaine me? curse on the courtesie; I have had but a cold entertainment ----but an ill welcome.

Dian. I thinke you will not brag ont.

Vatin. Then--which is worse----I feare they'l turne me out of doors, thus--as I am---like one of Vulcans limping priests (for I am lam'd) and not suffer me to enjoy the private priveledges of this coole yard, so shame me to eternity--*hum*----twould be but harsh dealing.

Dian. Yet short of your deserving

Vatin. But not to be avoyded, were they resolved? I now begin to see my errour, and find that shame still followes sin; my unfeigned sorrow shall implore her pardon, for my presum-

tuous insolence, which obtain'd, I have done courting.
Think what we will of women, this I find
They may be truly vertuous, yet seeme kind----
Enter Rosa. Dianetta.
Rosania. They may, *Vatinius*: and I am glad of your conversion.
Dianetta hath o're heard your penitential lamentation, and is content not only to forgive, but to forget what ever's past---provided, you be serious, and not fall agen to your abusive trade 'gainst Ladies.
Vatin. I've had too much of it Lady.
Let my now reall griefe, with your forgiveneſſe
Gaine your more charitable opinion,
For when I prove other than th' admirer
Of your chaſt ſelfe, and all your virtuous ſex,
May my diſgrace be publiſh'd and I
Live and dye ſcorn'd.
Dian. Sir, I freely do forgive you,
Heere take again your charmeleſſe Jewels and hereafter
Be more carefull of your owne, and others honour!
Rosa. Nay, ſince y' have wrought ſo great a cure they'r
Well deſerv'd.
Vatin. Pray keep 'em, as the ſacrifice of my converſion!
Dian. Their worth my thanks, Sir,

In

In the next Roome a Fire waits on you------

Exeunt Rosa. Dianetta.

Vatin. I must remaine your humble Convert.
And now I doe believe there are some
Honest women (*Exit.*

Enter Julia, and Lucebella.

Julia. Not goe to th' banquet, deareſt friend, the cauſe?

Luceb. There is a ſadneſs hath uſurp'd my breſt
That mirth can ne're remove: I am unfit
For company, nor would I ſee the Prince.

Julia. I know the motive of this melancholy,
And now will give you ſpeedy remedy;
If that the ſad remembrance of your late
voluntary kindneſſe, thus afflict you?
Take back againe your killing courteſie!
Purſue with an unenvi'd freedome.
Your begun love! I did but try thy friendſhip;
Nor would I buy the greateſt terreſtriall comfort
At the deare rate of thy thoughts leaſt diſturbance.
No, *Lucebella*, live and love the Prince!
And may the powers divine perpetuate
Each others loves reciprocation,

Till arme in arme, yee soare up unto heav'n,
And, there, fix glorious starres ! If angry death,
(For that I rob'd him of a greater purchase)
To cross your happiness, send you the sad news
Of my cold stay with him ; bring, to my grave
One friendly sigh, and a religious drop,
And, on it, they'l create aspiring perfumes, which
Will usher me the readiest way unto Elizium ----
Thy hand --- and now farwell !

Luceb. Stay, thou sweet miracle of perfect friendship !

And may divinity whisper unto thy soul
What I shall speake is truth !
If penitence for th' resignation of
Sicanio's love to you, or the least thought
Of him, doth greeve me ? may eternall shame
Blast all my better hopes !

Julia. What infidell, but would beleeve thee?

Luceb. It will alike perturb your brest, when you
Shall heare the story, which I'm engag'd to tacitize.
For a set season ; but e're long (with safety) I may give you satisfaction · meane time I'le wait upon you to the Lord *Hipolito*'s ; and promise to be merry.

Julia. Y' have made me sad too ;
But wee'l endeavour to overcome it -- -- *Exeunt.*

A banquet preparing with loud Musick. Then enter Hipolito, and Honor: whispering and Sican. Mart. Leont. and Ausonius.

Hipolito. I'm sorry for the untimely death of the good fryer, and for the villaines flight, that slew him, whom my impartiall justice should have made a terrible example for prevention of like impiety.

Honorio. He worthily deserv'd it--- *Exit Hono.*

Hipol. Sir, there's your seate.
Come Gentlemen (t'a void superfluous Ceremoney)
Each place himselfe!

Ausonius. 'Tis a commendable freedome, I hate this idle complement. *Enter Ladies.*

Hipol. But yone's the glory of the Banquet.
Lady's yee greatly honour me; and bring.
The best sweets with yee ——— please ye sit? ——— *All Set.*
Were the duke heere, the table were compleat?

Sican. At nameing of the duke, how her glad bloud
Sprange in her cheekes, and there imprinted, left. *Aside.*
Her hearts true meaning visible ——she loves him.

Hipol. Your Grace is ——— (*To Sicanio.*
sad ont'h suddaine.

Give me a boule of wine! and see't go round ---
Ist't done as we comman- ——— *To the Cup Bearer.*
ded?

Cup Bearer. It is my Lord; and temper'd handsomely.

Hipol. Unto the Princes health, and hers whom most
His royall thoughts ——— *Drink and flourish.*
now honour.
Heer's that will expell sad- --- *Brings another Boule flourish.*
nesse: fill to the Prince!
Sican. Madame to you ---- *Enter duke as himselfe, and Hono.*
To *Julia.*
Sir I freely pledge you.

Duke. Hold, noble Sir, here can be nought but treason.

Cup Bearer. How knowes he that ----- *Aside.*

Hipol. The duke ——— what divell brought him hither?
My royall Master ——— how am I blest? ———
I now was wishing for you, and good heav'n.
Hath heard my pray'rs, and sent you: oh let me kiss
That royall hand.

Duke. A way impostour! *Honorio*, do your office! *Take in the banquet and put forth the barre.*
Hono. Hipolito, I do arrest you for high treason.

Hipol. I obey; and do desire no other sessions
Then this brave assembly.

Duke. 'Tis granted. *Hipol.*

Hipol. Now —— who be my Accusers?

Duke. Padre Stephano; to whom you did confess
The wronges your mischeefe plotted 'gainst *Pausanio.*

Hipol. His mouth was timely stop'd, he'l blabb no more *Aside.*

Duke. And more —— by gifts, and promises you thought,
To tempt his loyalty to reveale the place
Of my abode, with full intent so murder me,
And to usurpe the *dukedome*, then marry *Lucebella*:
Can you acquit your selfe?

Hipol. Yes, of all he can accuse me with.

Duke. Summon the fryer to appear! (*Exit Hono.*

Hipol. I feare him not till domesday --- *Aside.*

Duke. Sir, I'm now too full of thoughts
T'expresse your deserv'd better welcome, or
Apollogize to this my abus'd justice injur'd,
Er'e long shall I do both; in th' interim
I do entreat your patience to heare
This accus'd man acquit himselfe: for me,
I dare not stay the tryall, I once lov'd him,
And yet retaine much softnes ---- *Exit Duke.*

All. Wee all rejoyce for your so safe returne.

Ausonius. I ever told you what't would come to.

Mart. Well, be not yet too confident!

Luceb. 'Twas only that, by all our friendship! I heard

The frier was dead.

Julia. I am satisfi'd.

Sicanio. My Lord, the hope I have of your integrity.

Forbids me sorrow, till I see just cause:
It is no scandall to be charg'd with treason,
But to be prov'd a Traitour.

Hipol. I not expect least favour, but referre
My cause to righteous heav'n: if I be found
Guilty of what charg'd with; let justice
Spare no punishment, I've merited
The lawe's extreamest rigour { *Enter Duke,*
Sicanio. The frier is come, { *Hono. Fumante.*

Hipol. Death to my soule! ist possible? *Fumante* too?
Then I am lost.

Mart. It was reported you were slaine, and by *Fumante.*

Duke. That rebell to religion so decreed it,
But heav'ns preventing hand put by the blow.
And we both live to witness against him.

Cup Bearer. And I.

Hipol. Still mischeefe upon mischeefe: how the divell ——— *A side.*
When most we need him, faulters with us.

Cup Bearer. Nay't shall out, my conscience torments me.
This purse of gold hyer'd me to a treason.
Will strike your soules with terrour, when yee heare't. All but the Princess, and himselfe, (had not

not the *Duke* Inſpir'd from heav'n come in) I
ſhould have ſent, To death's cold tenements,
with a draught of wine, commix'd with a ſtrange
drug would not have wrought
In eight daies after, that the blinded world,
Might have imputed your untimely ends,
T' exceſs of wine.

Mart. Horrid, and damnable!

Hipol. I doe confeſs 'twas I that wrong'd *Pauſanio*,
That would have ſlaine the *duke*, betray'd your
plot,
Poiſon'd the Prince, you, your ſiſter, and the reſt,
And all for *Lucebella's* ſcorne, nor do I greeve.
For ought but that I cannot have revenge upon
Thoſe villaines have betray'd me unto ſhame.

Mart. Inſolent divell, wee'l have thee flea'd alive

Hipol. I muſt not die alone: the law condemnes
The body of that father to the fire,
That ſhall divulge the ſecrets of confeſſion;
And I glory in my revenge.

Sicanio. My heart bleeds for the good old man.

Duke. Sir, ſpare that needleſs ſorrow!
For now I ſee the miſchevous intents
Of that blood thirſty-ſinner, know 'tis I
(Through th' meanes of that good Lord) am your
preſerver. *Pulls off his diſguize.*

Julia. My royall Brother.

Hipol. Earth open me a living-grave may hide
Me, and my guilt! elſe my high ſwolne heart
Break

Break op'e my breſt, and find one!
Duke. Your expectation's fruſtrated: I am no frier.
Hipol. 'Tis vaine to hope for mercy,
Duke. Pinnion him faſt! and locke him up in darkneſſe!
His execution we deferre untill
Pauſanio be arriv'd, in hope that heav'n
Will give him yet repentance
Hipol. Beyond my hopes —— *Exit guarded.*
Duke. Fumante, as for your ignorant attempt 'gainſt us,
We reconfirme our promis'd pardon: but,
For your perjur'd teſtimony againſt
The moſt abus'd of men th' old Generall,
Condemne you the juſt ſumme of fifty thouſand dukets.
To be pay'd *Pauſanio*: *Hipolito*'s eſtate
Shall make the ſatisfaction more compleat;
And during life confine you to your living in the Countrey.
Fuman. Your gracious roy all Sir, as juſt---- (*Exit.*
Duke. And for that you conſented to this miſcheefe,
We baniſh you the Court; and give your hier
To make a holy Challice----- *Exit Cup-Bearer.* for the Altar,
Nor doubt we of your pardon ſince it lies
Within our power to make yee (*To Mar and Luc.* faire amends. For

For you (brave Sir) your great engagement
to *To Sicanio.*
Pausanio, and th' justice of his cause.
Pleads your excuse for breach of Covenant,
Y' are still a friend to *Florence*: nor repent
That I'm acquainted with your brest, we will
Continew friendly rivalls, only pass
Our Princely words to stand to what her father
Shall freely give consent to.
Sican. I agree —— and yet that Lady——
But love's deafe, well as blind. *Aside.*
Souldier. To armes (great Sir) not farre off we
descry. *Enter a souldier.*
Bright shining-troupes, bravely marching for-
ward.
Duke. More discontent?
Mart. Souldier, ther's a reward ---- It is my
father.
Be not dejected, Sir! oh sister now our joyes are
ripe
I'le forth, and meete him.
Sicanio. We will along --- with you. } *Exeunt Sican. Mart. Aus: Leon.*
Duke. Whil'st we prepare to give him royall welcome, } *Souldier.*
Oh *Lucebella*, let not thy remembrance.
Looke backe at what is part! for then ——
Lucebella. All's buried in oblivion.
Duke. Confirme it with the seale of mercy; a
kind kiss! [*Kiss.*

The

The gods had their *Nepenthe* from these lips.
Sister I am familiar with your feares,
But know *Sicanio*'s full of worth : forget 'em !
Julia. Since you are safe, and my friend once more happy,
I cannot feare.
Luceb. Nor shall you have least cause : I know the worst
And am resolv'd t' embrace it.
Duke. Thou art all vertue (*Exeunt*.

Beat a soft March within, then enter *Pausanio*, *Sebastiano*-disguiz'd, and Company of Souldiers, and pass over the Stage.

Enter Sicanio, Mart. Leon. Anso. and as they enter, Souldiers surprize them as in an Ambuscado.

Souldier. Y' are fairely caught.
Mart. What treachery is this ?
Souldier. No treachery, but a tolerable tricke
Allow'd in warre ; ye must along with us.
Anso. Cowards, and villaines.
Souldier. This rage will do no good (*Exeunt*.

March continues, *Pansanio* *And his company re-enter.*

Pausanio.

Pausanio. Sound a Parley! Ho? from the Walls?

Duke. Julia. Luceb. Rosa. Diana, above as on the Walls.

Duke. Whom doth my glad eyes looke upon--
Pausanio?

Lucebel. Father.

Pausanio. I am that wronged *Pausanio*, whose soft heart
(Joyfull to see my persecutor) melts
It selfe to womanniſh profuseneſs.

Duke. Wee'l haſte to thy imbraces———
(*They descend.*

Lucebella. Dear father make me happy in your blessing?

Pausa. Best comfort to my age, arise! and heaven
Look favourably on thee! thou retain'ſt
(My Girle) thy wonted sweetneſſe
In despite of grief.

Luceb. Next to good heav'n,
The thanks belong unto the Princeſſe.

Pausa. Oh let me kiſſe that bounteous hand! my heart
Was never proud but when it did you service

Duke. My nature 's not to do thus, but in answer
Of such deserving drops, mine eyes raine tears--
Oh my *Pausanio*, be kind, and pardon
The errour of my blinded justice; heav'n

Can

Can witnesse with me, that my will's untainted

Pausanio. I must believe it; I had a legal tryall,
And by suborn'd witnesse, was condemn'd
To undeserv'd death; but then your mercy
Stepp'd betweene, and sav'd me: whereas (had you
Desir'd my end) I had unjustly dy'd
And yet 'it had appear'd justice ——— I am still
Your loyal humble subject ——— (*kneels*

Duke. Rather the better halfe of my deare soul! rise!
But where's our loving kinsman? he is wronged too?

Pausa. I left him heere; since, have not heard of him
Nor have I brought this power to encrease
But to suppresse rebellion ———
Where is that enemy to vertue? I dare not
Call him, Son.

Luceb. The Prince, and he went both to meet you.
Souldier. Heere's our best booty Sir,

Enter Sicanio. *Mart.* Auso. *Leon.* as Prisoners.

Pausa. Free 'um!
In you (Royal young Man) 'twas nobleness
T' attempt your injur'd friend's releasement;
For which my gratefull soul shall dayly pay

Your

Your vertue tributary-thanks. In him
'Twas monstrous impiety : thy rebellious
bloud
Never had birth from these pure vaines. I do
Disclaime all interest in thee ; and begge
The sentence of the Law may passe on him.
Duke. Oh that were too unnaturall : consider
It was his filiall love to your wrong'd selfe
Provoke'd him to't.
Pausanio. The naturall love of father never
should
Make him forget the pious zeale he owes
His lawfull Prince ; obedience, loyaltie
Are the sweet perfumes penetrate the skye :
Like it, no sacrifize such welcome finds
'Moung the celestial dwellers ; nor than mutiny
And stiffe-neck'd disobedience, any crime
More strictly punish'd : what though injury
Plotted my banishment ? (patience virtue !)
He knew my spotlesse faith was purely free
From foule contaminating treachery,
And should with equall patience have smil'd
On my sad sufferings, interested in
My harmelesse innocence succeeding time
(The aged sire of vennerable Truth)
Had then on the swift wings of low'd tongu'd
fame

fame,
Hurri'd his worth through the wide world; no mouth
Have mention'd his bare name, but with a kind
Of reverence, due to such a sonne, and subject
Whereas now (fallen from the virtue he profess'd
He lives (in spight of death) a cankered staine
To all posterity. Those numerous tongues,
That might, in emulation of his merit,
Have truly bin employed, will now as justly
Brand him with name of Traytor------- Bastard O my blond (*kneels.*
Mart. Sir.
Pausanio. Bends thy disloyal knee in hope of pardon?
Can such impiety meet with mild mercy, or in
Earth, or heav'n? no, no, the gods are just
And thou hast lost thy hope of both.
Mart. Of neither, Sir:
The Duke is made of gentle pitty, and
Upon my true contrition, hath forgiven
The errour of my suppos'd duty, for which grace
Prostrated thus ——— I humbly kiss his feete!-----

And

And for my foule fault in the eye of heav'n,
My penitentiall tears will purge all guilt
And make me a pure sacrifize for their
Sweet mercy.

Duke. Martiano, rise! you have our favour,
Be worthy of it! your youth hath had its
swinge
But your now-better'd-judgement I hope
will counsel
Your stout heart to execute, onely, what's
noble.

Martiano. My honest actions shall hereafter
speak
My soul's intentions.

Pausa. Well, the gods forgive thee! and now
I turne
Petitioner, and must not be denyed.

Duke. Command our Dukedome!

Pausanio. I only ask the life of my accuser;
that he may have
A longer time to make his peace with hea-
v'n.

Duke. Go call him forth!———

(*Exit Hono.*

Sicanio. Pausanio, you must resolve one
doubt:
The *Duke*, and I are rivals in our love
To your faire daughter, yet are both engag'd
To stand to your election.

Pausanio. Then I bestow her heere: I've heard
the *Duke* I Lov'd

Lov'd her ignobly (though I know the contrary) *Gives her unto the Duke,*
And twill but take the scandall from her virtue--
To make her this amends. ———

Duke. The which I do most willingly: and in my prayers ----
I'le hourely bless the gods for this -- ---
My so great happinesse --------

Pansanio. I heare the Princess loves you, who deserves *To Sicanio.*
A greater fortune then the earth affords;
Cherrish it, worthy Sir.

Duke. I see y' are full of thoughts: heere ---- I resigne my right in *Lucebella*; not that I am weary of my happiness, but choose, rather, to suffer nobly; then have lou'd *Chronicles* report I us'd a stranger prince discourteously. Take her!

Julia. Heaven put better thoughts ---- *Aside.* in him.

Sicanio. I may receave with honour, now; what I before refus'd. I thankfully accept her---- but, as freely, do
Returne her ——— and may peace,
Waite on your blest Conjunction! ---- heere's my choice,
If, Madam, you consent? ——— *To Julia.*

Duke. Her blushes do confirme, what her too-modest
Tongue is loath to utter. ——— *kiss.*

All. The Gods shewre downe their choyest
Blessings

Blessings on yee!

Sica. Julia. Wee thank yee.

Duke. Her dowery shall be answerable to her descent ——— *Enter Hip. Hono.*

Rosania. Since things go thus successfull, Madam I hope
We also have your leave? heere comes my choice.

Julia. Yee have, and joy between yee!

Hon. Rosa. We humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Lady, wee 're glad y' have chose so wisely.

Hipolito's late honours we ——— *To Honorio.* conferre on you!
You must be deare to us 't was he that brought
These obscur'd truths to light.

Pausanio. Honorio, you were ever an honest reall friend.

Hono. And so will dye.

Hipolito. If a black soule, purg'd from its sinfull filth
By penitentiall sorrow, more then hopes
For glorious Paradice? I'le not despair,
Of your forgivenes.

Pausa. The pardon I would aske heav'n for my selfe
I wish to you, and heartily forgive you.

All. So we do all, and joy in your contrition,

Duke. Your honours are bestow'd, but wee'l provide for you.

Hipol. He's only truly happy who is good,

Not who is great: goodnes, and greatnes like
knowne enemies, do rarely meet:
In th' umble valley, better be a shrubb
With secure peace, then, on th' aspiring top
Of a proud hill, a Cedar, still expos'd
To certaine danger. Beauty, honour, wealth,
My quondam friends, whil'st I affected folly,
For ever I renounce yee: pious virtue,
(Who, whilst I knew yee, was a stranger to me)
Since hath taught me; that y' are (at best) but aire
Vanish'd, before enjoy'd: the foule corruption,
My unstay'd youth suck'd in at Court, prayers
And sad teares distill'd from true repentance,
Shall wash away: the remnant of my span
I'le spend religiously; my hourely votes,
For your prosperities, I'le daily, duly -- pay
To gracious heav'n: this habit shall invest me } *Puts on a Friers weed.*
One poore petition,
Though undeserv'd, vouchsafe to grant, the last
I meane to beg: my new borne virtue give
life to, through your rememberance! former ills
Bury in kind oblivion! that my name
May live unblemmish'd, in despite of---- shame. *Exit.*

Duke. I doubt not but his fall
Hath raisd his soul to heav'n.

Sebastiano.

Sebastiano. Be sure yee be in readines! ——— *To the souldiers.*

Y' have allmost made a faire conclusion,
Yet I have power to change the the Sceane. ——— { *Sebas. & souldiers fall on, and disarm them.*
Were I revengefull?

Duke. What meanes this progedie?

Sebastiano. Read in this face! ——— (*Discovers himselfe.*

Pausanio. So many months together yet not know
The friendly part'ner in my sufferings?
Worthy Sir, pardon my ignorance!

Duke. Our noble kinsman?

Sebastiano. That late dispis'd-Sebastian——— but no more;
Hipolito's confession hath clear'd all doubts.
This act was only to expres my loyalty:
Had I bin thirsty for your bloud, or state,
To make me great, and *Lucebella* mine?
This minute might effect it ——— but, thus low *kneeles.*
Humbl'd, I do confes my selfe your highnesse zealous
Subject.

Duke. Our happines is now compleat ———
Let me engrafft thee on my soule! ——— { *Rises, Salutes. The Ladies,*
But Cousen how joynd you with *Pausanio*,
Yet he unknowne to you, untill this instant!

Sebastiano.

Sebastiano. I heard of his abode at Naples, whether
(When I had newes of his bold sonne's revolt)
I went to get you ayd, and from the king
Obtayn'd it: *Pansanio* (desireous
To manifest his faith unto your Majesty.
In this intended service 'gainst his sonne)
Sought for Command: I (knowing his intents
Well as his vallour after conference)
Gave him the Generall's place (although my becke
Commanded the whole army) yet kept my selfe
Secret in this disguise, till I should see
The finall end, with which I'm now made happy.
And may your now rising joyes never know Set!

Duke. Amen to that! once agen,
My noble Cousen, forgive my rash beleefe!
Great ones, by this example, plaine may see
There can no safety come of flattery.
Now haste we to the consummation of
Our Nuptiall rites!
Those joyes, cull'd out of danger, are most sweet,
Let us bless heav'n they thus concent'rd meet.

FINIS.

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